HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXII.—No. 1663.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

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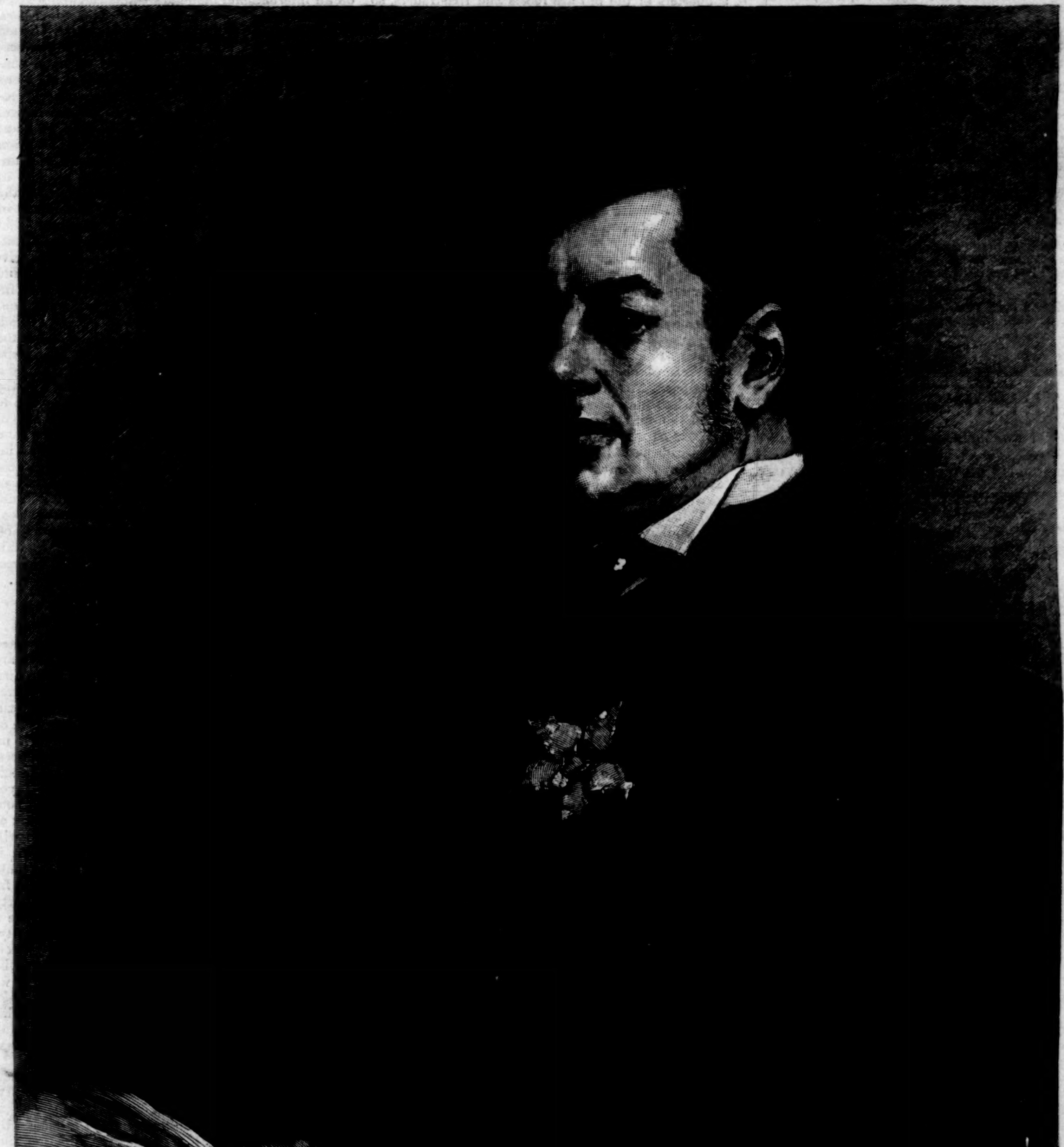

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THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual amount of falsehood and forgery on the Republican side, from the first declaration that the President's message was a proposal of free-trade, down to the last repetition of forged quotations from English papers, the campaign that is closing has been one of the most satisfactory in our annals, because of its general freedom from virulent personalities and the nature of the popular debate. One great question of public policy has absorbed attention, and no other has been much mentioned. It has been especially a canvass of serious discussion, and it has been probably the most instructive of all national economical and financial contests since the foundation of the government. Whatever may be the result of the election, there is a more general and clearer understanding than ever before of the nature and operation of a tariff. Misconceptions and falsehoods, sophisms and glittering generalities, have disappeared in the steady light of inquiry. The student of maxims has learned that they are statements of laws drawn from experience, and the student of markets now perceives that a maxim is merely the expression of a general and sagacious observation. In a word, the campaign has been what such an incident in a popular government ought always to be, a discussion of the principles which in the actual situation should shape the policy of administration. This discussion we owe to the courage of the President in plainly presenting the question which his party would have preferred to avoid. Had he acquiesced in this view, he would undoubtedly have been re-elected because of the general confidence which his administration has inspired in his uprightness, patriotism, moderation, and sagacity. But had he taken another course, the election would have turned not upon principles and policies, but upon traditions and personalities. The President preferred to identify his party and himself with the great economical principle that taxation should be adjusted to fall as lightly as possible upon necessaries and raw material. This point has been plainly and strongly pressed, and the argument on the Democratic side has not been so able within living memory as in this campaign.

The most hopeful sign of the health and vigor of popular institutions has been found in this campaign, not in the action of Republicans and Democrats who support certain candidates for the reason that they were regularly nominated by a party, but in that of intelligent and honest men in both parties who, under a fierce cry of traitor, renegade, deserter, and Sunday-school politician, have quietly decided to vote against the candidates of their party because they believe them to represent an unwise and hurtful policy. It is this kind of independence which prevents parties from becoming the most despotic of tyrants, and the evidence of its increase is the most gratifying sign of the public health and sobriety. Another pleasant fact in the campaign has been the decline and almost the disappearance of the merely sectional appeal. Shallow orators and newspapers have tried to represent the MILLS bill as a new sectional attack upon the country. Secession and free-trade, Union and protection, have been declared by a few feeble voices to be synonymous. But this effort has been wholly frustrated by the statement of the simple and overwhelming fact that the principles and purposes of the MILLS bill are those of the most eminent Union and Republican leaders; and that if the supporters of the bill are rebels and free-traders, so were WEBSTER and CLAY, and SUMNER, GRANT, GARFIELD, and ARTHUR. The attempt to excite animosity to the bill as a desperate stroke of expiring rebel hate at the industry and prosperity of the Union has failed totally to rekindle any spark of the old sectional feeling. This too is a happy sign of the wholesome condition of the public mind.

A party which should depend for success upon maintaining a sectional jealousy due to causes which have entirely disappeared would deserve the scorn of every honest American. The proof furnished by the campaign that this feeling is rapidly becoming extinct is cheering for every man who desires a real Union based upon equal rights, and who knows that such equality can be secured only by a common good understanding, and not by sectional antipathy. It is a campaign, therefore, upon which patriotic Americans may well congratulate themselves. Nothing could be more different from it in character than the campaign of forty-eight years ago, when General HARRISON'S grandfather was the successful candidate. That was the first of the campaigns of songs and symbols, of enormous processions, and of monster meetings. The innovation was so astounding, and seemed to forecast such an abandonment of serious discussion for mere uproar and excitement, that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS thought he saw in it the beginning of the decadence of the republic. But from the earnestness and character of the canvass of this year he would have taken heart again. He would have felt, as we have all a right to feel, that so far as the general character and conduct of the campaign are concerned, the prospects of the country were never fairer or more promising.

AN INQUIRING FRIEND.

"A LONG-TIME and careful reader of the WEEKLY" asks courteously a series of questions respecting special privileges, the relative profits of protected industries, the accumulation of individual fortunes, the diversification of industries, and the relation of agriculture to a protective tariff, which opens the whole question of the advantage or disadvantage of the protective system. For a general answer we must refer our correspondent to the newspaper discussion and speeches during the campaign, and to the excellent pamphlets upon every branch of the subject which are easily accessible. Among the points which it is useful for any inquirer to remember is the fact that capital is diminished just in the degree that it is diverted from the employment of labor which is naturally profitable to that which is not. The tax, for instance, which has been laid to encourage the tin-plate industry has not developed any such industry, but it has been an unquestionable burden on the consumer.

The government, as our correspondent knows, has no money except that which it collects from the people. Protection operates as a bounty. But a bounty paid by government to one industry is merely so much money diverted from another. The share of this bounty which goes to the manufacturer or the producer is not equitably divided by him in his wages to his employés; and if it induces domestic competition, the same selfish instinct which demands the special protection against foreign competition combines in trusts to withstand domestic competition.

That a tariff, however expedient under certain circumstances and for a certain time, is an unequal burden, is obvious from the fact that it consists of a detailed system of purely arbitrary impositions determined by the pressure of selfish interests. Each interest secures the highest rate possible, and hence the Senator quoted by Mr. JAMES P. FOSTER in his appeal to manufacturers for money for the fight "in your interest" described the manufacturers as "men who were getting practically the sole benefit, or at least the most directly important benefits, of the tariff laws." He said that the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, who "are more highly protected than anybody else, and who make large fortunes every year when times are prosperous," ought to be put "over the fire" and "all the fat" fried out of them. The assertion that the special advantage of the manufacturer is also that of the community or of the wage-workers is like the old reply of the British Tories to the demand of our Revolutionary fathers that there should be no taxation without representation. The Tories replied that the colonists were already "virtually" represented. In the same way the unprotected industries may be "virtually" protected. If the tariff merely enables the protected interest to realize small profits, the fact illustrates the truth that where a business can be prosecuted advantageously it does not require permanent support from the public in the form of a tariff tax. But if the tax be laid with little benefit to the interest for which it is imposed, to say that by diversifying labor it prevents competition in other pursuits, is to say that the government ought to regulate private industry, instead of leaving it to the natural adjustment of free labor and actual demand and supply—a doctrine radically at variance with the doctrine of liberty.

Labor and its product are both marketable commodities, and Mr. SHERMAN said truly in his report on an international monetary standard twenty years ago: "Every obstruction to a free exchange is born of the same narrow, despotic spirit which planted castles upon the Rhine to plunder peaceful commerce; every obstruction to commerce is a tax upon consumption; every facility to a free exchange cheapens commodities, increases trade and production, and promotes civilization." Under certain circumstances, where industries need protection in order to plant them securely in a propitious soil, such protection may be wise, and a tariff has always been, and undoubtedly will long continue to be, the method in which the American people will prefer to raise the public revenue. But permanent tariff support of developed and established industries is the proof that such industries cannot support themselves. Whatever promotes freedom of exchange advances civilization, and to obstruct that freedom by high and prohibitive tariffs is like destroying labor-saving inventions and improved methods of transportation. It was the clear apprehension of such truths which GARFIELD expressed in saying that he was for the protection that ultimated in free-trade. Meanwhile we remind our correspondent that however sound a policy protection may be, it is not the issue of the pending campaign, because there is no proposition to abolish it. But even if a tariff were of equal benefit to the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the wage-worker, and if the profits of protected industries were small, and larger fortunes were accumulated in other pursuits, and a greater variety of occupations were provided by protection, still it would not follow that, in view of the surplus, the present tariff taxes ought not to be seriously reduced, and reduced by diminishing those upon raw materials and necessaries. This is what the President has recommended, and this is the question of the election.

FOR MAYOR, ABRAM S. HEWITT.

IN the city of New York, Republicans are entreated to stand by the party ticket for Mayor, and they are assured that if they will only vote for their own candidate, he will be elected. But there is no reason in this partisan appeal. There is no Republican principle or policy nor any other party principle or policy involved in the city election. There is no distinctively Republican system of city ordinances, no peculiarly Republican method of laying out streets and lighting them. All that is wanted in a Mayor is an honest, intelligent, experienced, sagacious, courageous, and independent man, who will not wink at knavery or extravagance or jobbery, and who will select men like himself for the city offices. It is wholly unimportant whether such a man is a Republican or Democrat or Prohibitionist, whether he favors a high or a low tariff; and to whatever party he belongs, the more completely he ceases to be a party man in the Mayoralty, the better for the city. This is precisely the kind of man who is now Mayor, and why should not every sensible Republican who holds the view of the city government which we have stated vote to continue him in his office?

It is not alleged nor supposed that either of his opponents would make a better Mayor. It is not asserted that they would be more intelligently or exclusively or effectively devoted to the interests of the city, or that they are more fitted by ability or character or experience for the duties of the Mayoralty. What legitimate duty of that office is it supposed that either of them would discharge more satisfactorily than Mayor HEWITT? The Mayor's functions are threefold: he appoints certain important officers; he is a member of the most important city boards; and he enforces the city ordinances, and generally supervises the condition and welfare of the city for whose peace and order he is responsible. There are no politics in such duties. Politics merely perplex and demoralize their proper performance, and although the Mayoralty has been generally and largely prostituted to party and political interests, yet when the city has the good fortune to have a Mayor who has shown the disposition and proved his ability to discharge those duties in the very best and wisest way, as, for instance, in the selection of Aqueduct Commissioners, every consideration that should influence the honest voter urges him to support with all his heart the re-election of such a Mayor. In 1886 we said that whether Mr. HEWITT or Mr. ROOSEVELT were elected, the city would be sure of a good

Mayor. If Mr. ROOSEVELT had succeeded, and had proved to be an admirable, efficient, and non-partisan officer, we should have warmly advocated his continuance in the Mayoralty. Mr. HEWITT has fully justified every expectation, and quite beyond anticipation has proved himself independent of party. For every valid reason in such a contest, therefore, he should be re-elected.

When Republicans are adjured to stand by their party candidates in the city election, it means that they should vote, not for a candidate who will do better than the present Mayor, but who will reward the local leaders of his party with offices, not for the benefit of the city, but of a political party. But is it worth while to turn out one of the best Mayors the city has ever had, in order to provide places for a few men who live by politics? Machine politicians of both parties hope to secure control of the city government for their own advantage, not for the furtherance of a party policy, because no such policy is concerned in the election. Why should good citizens help them? The highest protectionist knows that in voting for Mayor HEWITT he is in no degree whatever injuring the national policy which he prefers, while he is helping to secure the kind of city government which he approves. In the national contest he will, of course, with all possible fidelity, stand by the ticket which promises to further the policy that he favors; but in the city election, for the same reason, he will stand by the ticket which promises the result in the city which he equally desires.

FOR GOVERNOR, WARNER MILLER.

SINCE his nomination Mr. WARNER MILLER has made a thorough tour of the State, speaking in almost every county, and everywhere stating strongly and courageously the two issues upon which he asks an election. He is the representative of the policies of high license and of electoral reform. They are by far the two most important present issues in State politics. The deadly enemy of civilized society, the prolific parent of crime and poverty, of domestic unhappiness and ruin, is the saloon, and its strict regulation and even suppression by local option is one of the most vital of questions. So the corruption of elections, under the plausible plea of payment of necessary and legitimate expenses, defeats the will of the people, and destroys the value of the party agency which it pretends to promote. The use of money in politics is already a huge and threatening evil. It is one of the enemies of liberty against which there must be eternal vigilance if liberty is to be maintained. Moreover, the secrecy of the ballot is prevented by the present system, and the equality of the voters at the polls is practically denied. Public opinion obviously demands that this abuse shall be corrected, that so far as possible the poorer and more illiterate voter shall be freed from the control of knaves, and shall be enabled to vote as he prefers, and that what law can do to secure honest elections shall be done. Happily the issue has been raised by the bill of last winter which Governor HILL vetoed, and of this great and beneficent reform Mr. MILLER is the champion and representative.

Governor HILL is especially the foe of these two measures. He has not only vetoed a high license bill, but a license bill prepared to meet the very objections that he raised. He is the peculiar representative of the most dangerous political organization in the country, the liquor interest, and every saloon in New York, openly if Democratic, secretly if Republican, is a rallying-point for his candidacy. He assumes to deprecate the evil and to differ only upon the method of regulation. But the tone of his explanations, the character and circumstances of his propositions, and the unswerving and united support of the saloons expose the value of his deprecation. His election he would naturally regard as a mandate from the people to veto any high license measure. He is equally the enemy of electoral reform, and the representative of the political class which traffics for personal profit in voters and votes. His view of the illicit and corrupt use of money in politics is illustrated by an uncontradicted public statement by members of his own party:

"The Governor approved a bill removing the Mayor and Comptroller from the Aqueduct Commission of the city of New York, and subsequently permitted an Aqueduct contractor to pay DAVID B. HILL'S personal notes out of the profits of a contract awarded to that contractor by the friends of the Governor at his instigation and request."

Upon this subject, as upon license, the Governor professed to base his veto upon objections to alleged unconstitutional details of the bill, rather than upon disapproval of the object sought. But his real feeling was betrayed by the tone and phrases of his veto denouncing the bill, as introducing a "mongrel foreign system," and sneering at those who hail every new scheme of "reform," "especially if it comes from foreign shores and bears the approval of a monarchical government."

These two men are rival candidates for the Governorship of New York. One is an honest, upright, intelligent, frank friend and representative of the principles and policy upon questions of paramount importance which are approved and demanded by the great mass of patriotic and intelligent citizens. The other is the merest demagogue who ever filled the chief office in the State. His election would defeat the most desirable public measures. It would be a misfortune for New York and a serious blow to the Democratic party, because it would show that in the largest State of the Union that party is still controlled by the spirit and influences which so long discredited it, and justified the profound distrust which for a generation excluded it from power.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS.

WE are glad to know, upon the authority of a Republican clerk in a department in Washington, who has no sympathy with mugwumpery of any kind, that he has personally received no communications in regard to contributions from any political organization, although he knows others who have received circulars inviting such gifts. These circulars come from committees upon which are no office-holders, and they are not delivered in the public offices. The clerk has not heard of any official person in any office attempting to collect for campaign purposes.

Another, who has excellent opportunities for accurate knowledge, says that he has no information or knowledge of the participation of any national officer in levying assessments, and that he has never known a Presidential campaign in which the public employés were so absolutely free from constraint in the matter of contributing for political purposes, nor does he know anything which could furnish just ground of complaint in this respect.

These statements, which are absolutely trustworthy, show what extraordinary progress, in the matter of political assessments, has been made under a Democratic administration since the days when, under Republican administration, Hubbellism was triumphant in the most despotic and searching extortion, when the entire civil service was overshadowed by apprehension at every election, and every employé paid the black-mail demanded either by officers of the government or with their approval; when a Republican Collector of New York declared emphatically that thirty men stood ready to take, with all its encumbrances, the place of every clerk who did not pay; and when the abuse was so universal and so outrageous that even GARFIELD, as a candidate, could ask of dear BRADY how the departments were doing.

LORD SACKVILLE'S LETTER.

IT is singular that in a national election campaign in which the supposed American dislike of England has been invoked more than ever before, both to aid the "wages scare" and to propitiate the "Irish-American" vote, the English Minister should have practically taken part. It is an extraordinary blunder from every point of view. To give any advice about voting in the country to which he is accredited is a gross impropriety for any Minister. But for an English Minister in the United States, at a moment when the country is divided upon a Presidential election, to advise support of a candidate who is denounced as a British free-trade candidate, and whose administration is declared to have been outwitted by the Minister himself, is a blunder so extraordinary as to be grotesque.

The letter was written in perfect good faith to a correspondent who represented himself to be an "English-American" voter in doubt as to his course, and it was marked "private." The *Tribune* publishes a telegram from California stating that the correspondent is known, and that he is a "reputable" citizen. That, however, is impossible. Reputable citizens do not publish letters marked private. The letter to Lord SACKVILLE was probably a campaign trick. It was doubtless designed to entrap him into writing something which could be used to the disadvantage of the friends of the Administration by arousing bitter prejudice. If this was the purpose it has been completely successful. Lord SACKVILLE has written precisely the letter that was desired, and just what he ought not to have written.

It is, however, a private letter of a kind of which our government can take no notice. It speaks of the situation so intelligently that the wonder is how the writer could have spoken at all, nor would he have done so but that with the instinct of an English gentleman he relied upon the honorable observance of the word "private" which he wrote upon the letter. It is an indiscretion, however, which his own Government can hardly fail to notice, because it indicates a want of the sagacity indispensable to a man in his position, and which, were there no other reason, should have prevented him from writing upon such a topic, under such circumstances, and to an unknown person.

OF REBELS AND COPPERHEADS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Milton, Massachusetts, asks whether the MILLS bill does not especially favor "the Sonth," and whether the consular service is not now filled and controlled by former copperheads and rebels. The first question is answered by the fact that the distinction of the MILLS bill for which it has been chiefly censured by the high protectionists is free wool. But Mr. MILL'S own State of Texas is one of the chief wool-growing States. Mr. I. R. DODGE, the statistician, estimates the total wool product of the United States in 1887 at 265,000,000 pounds, of which Texas contributed 26,000,000. Moreover, Mr. MILLS himself, speaking the other evening at Buffalo, answered the argument that the MILLS bill was a sectional measure by saying that the people of the South were crying out against him, and saying that he had cut the tariff on sugar in antagonism to their interests.

The assertion that the consular service is "filled and controlled by former copperheads and rebels" arises from the fact that the Administration assumes, as General GRANT assumed, that no such distinction as loyal and disloyal citizens can now be made, and that the practical exclusion from appointment to office of all those who were formerly rebels, but who are now perfectly faithful to the Constitution and the laws, would be unjust, unwise, and unpatriotic. Our correspondent has but to recall the various disasters which were declared four years ago to be the certain consequence of Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, such as payment of the rebel debt, payment for slaves, and general prostration of industry, and business panic, with the actual situation, and he will see not only how utterly baseless were such apprehensions, but that the course of the Administration toward former rebels, without surrender of any principle or propriety of conduct, has tended greatly to produce the mutual confidence and respect without which there can be no true national union.

As a sincere Republican our correspondent may well ask whether what CHARLES SUMNER said sixteen years ago is not very much more forcible now. It was in his letter to Mr. BLAINE, who had undertaken to tell Mr. SUMNER what company he was keeping in supporting the Democratic candidate. "Can we not after seven years begin a new life, especially when those once our foes repeat the saying, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God'?"

GOOD FAME.

IN one of his recent admirable speeches, Mayor RUSSELL, of Cambridge, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, contrasting the former with the present Republican position upon a revision of the tariff, said that if all went well Mr. CLEVELAND would be able to say, as Sir ROBERT PEEL said of himself, "I shall leave a name execrated by monopolists, but loved by those who eat untaxed food made sweeter because free from the leaven of injustice."

PERSONAL.

IN marrying a man so greatly her junior ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has only followed the precedent set by such literary women as Miss THACKERAY (Mrs. RITCHIE) and Miss MULOCK (Mrs. CRAIK) in England, and ROSE TERRY COOK in this country. It is possible that Mr. HERBERT D. WARD, her husband, like Mr. RITCHIE, is mature beyond his years. He is a son of Rev. Dr. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, of the New York *Independent*, and was graduated from Andover Theological Seminary last June, but has not yet been ordained.

—The saying that a man may be successful in other respects, but he cannot run a newspaper, was reversed in the case of Colonel R. M. PULSIFER, lately a proprietor of the Boston *Herald*, and rated as a rich man. Under his business management the paper coined money rapidly, but his other ventures were so disastrous that his large fortune melted away, compelling his retirement from the *Herald*. All suspicions that his sudden and somewhat mysterious death may have been suicide seem to have been set at rest by the fact that the payment of $250,000 insurance on his life will not be disputed by the companies interested.

—JOHN W. SIMONS, who has just died at Central Valley, New York, was perhaps better known to Freemasons throughout the world than any other American by his publications and his high official station. He was very deaf, an affection due, it is said, to the exertion of running nearly all the way from this city to Yonkers, twenty years ago, in the vain hope of saving his wife and two children, who were passengers on the Hudson River steam-boat *Henry Clay*, which was burned at that time.

—LI YU DOO, the ex-Tai-Ping rebel and Black Flag, who died on Mott Street, in this city, last week, is said to have amassed a fortune of $50,000 in the laundry and grocery business.

—The inheriting of an income of $50,000 a year during his course at Yale prevented A. WRIGHT SANFORD from being anything more than a New York club man; but he used his money judiciously in encouraging athletic sports and the legitimate drama, and his burial from the "Little Church around the Corner" was a fitting termination of his career.

—JAMES MUTRIE, manager of the successful New York League nine, has passed through nearly all the vicissitudes that belong to a base-ballist's uncertain life, although he is only thirty-one years old. He was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, and his genius as a ball-player and manager was confined to New England till 1881, when he came to this city to manage the Metropolitans. This club prospered under his tuition, and in 1885 the New York Club hired him. When he arrived in this city eight years ago he had hardly the price of a night's lodging, but now he is said to have laid by quite a snug little sum.

—The youngest soldier in the late war of the rebellion, ALFRED C. WHITE, is now pastor of the Universalist church at Amesbury, Massachusetts. He was mustered into the Sixty-ninth Ohio Regiment as drummer-boy when but eight years old.

—It costs something for royalty to make a tour of diplomacy among neighboring powers, the expense of Emperor WILLIAM'S trip to Austria and Italy being not less than $200,000. He took with him enough rich gifts to start a jewelry store, among them being diamond rings and bracelets, gold watches, scarf-pins, presentation swords, and stars of the orders of the Black and Red Eagles.

—This has been a great year for the demise of ancient colored men. JEFF KING, of Nannie, Georgia, distances all other competitors by passing away at the age of one hundred and twenty-eight years, the old slave records of the KING family of North Carolina authenticating the figures. He had many wives during his lifetime, and his children are too numerous to mention.

—A zealous supporter of Emperor WILLIAM says that the young ruler, with his "weak left arm" strapped to his side, could thrash most men of his age, while his other physical deficiencies have been greatly magnified and exaggerated.

—General ALFRED PLEASANTON, who resigned from the army because he believed he was not given fair opportunities for promotion, has been placed upon the retired list, with the rank and pay of a major. General PLEASANTON was a brave soldier as far back as the Mexican war, but lately he has been living in Washington, broken in health, and very poor.

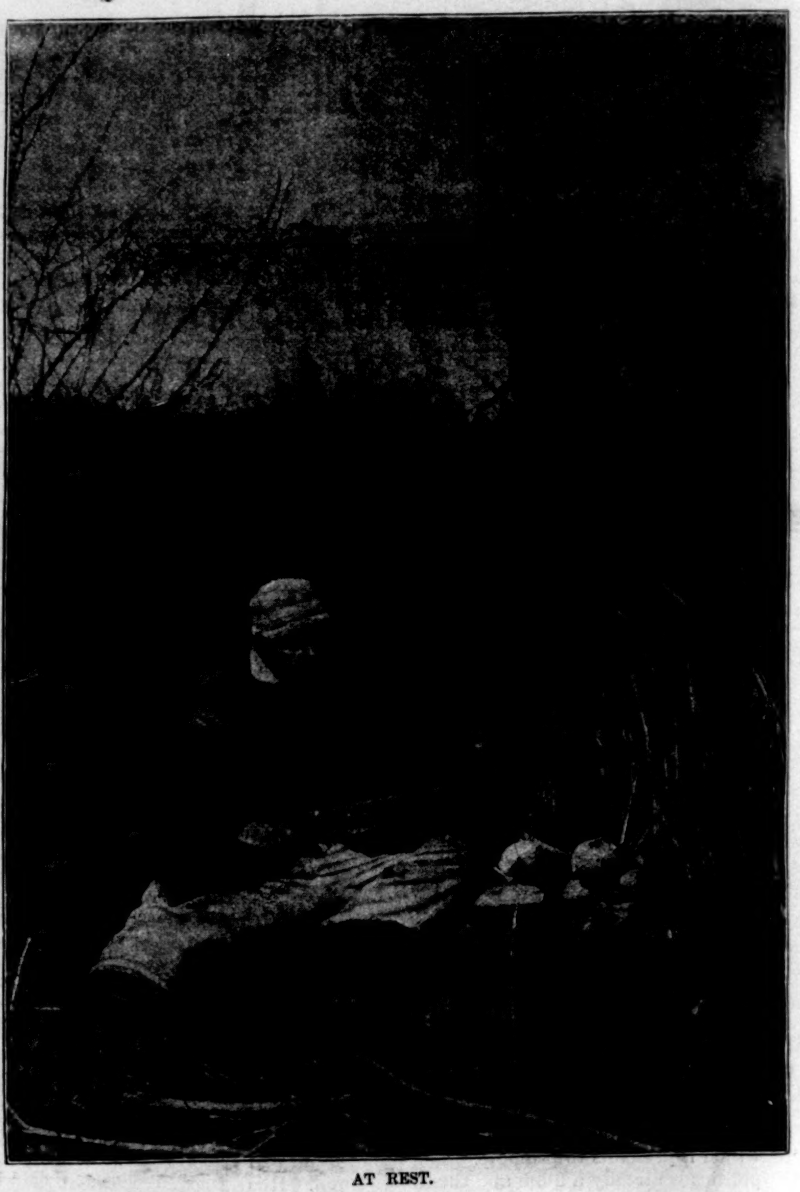
—Out in Kansas City ambition holds its own. A Republican convention to nominate a State Senator took 2084 ballots, and then split up, neither side being willing to give up the longed-for prize.

—A Connecticut man has contracted to send half a dozen barrels of oysters to the Prince of Wales for Christmas.

—The first woman to be elected to a school trusteeship in New Hampshire is the wife of Senator BLAIR.

—Mr. FRANK B. SANBORN, of Concord, Massachusetts, who, as an inspector of the insane poor, has been waging a plucky but losing fight with the Board of Charities and Correction in his State, is well known as a writer on social science, and as the biographer of JOHN BROWN. He sought to obtain for the harmless and incurable insane a more endurable existence than that found in the ordinary almshouse or asylum, and as a prominent member of the Concord School of Philosophers can afford to regard more philosophically the defeat which comes rather from might than right.

BAR SHOOTING—AN OVERHEAD SHOT.



AT REST.

SHOOTING FROM A SINK-BOX.

CANVAS-BACK DUCK SHOOTING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.—From a Photograph by S. Fisher Corlies, and Sketches by W. H. Drake.—[See Page 830.]

A WEDDING MEMORY.

A Canadian Sketch.

By AGNES FRASER SANDHAM.

IT was simply a melting day. No other word would express what it was like. The sky melted down into the soft, warm, hazy distance; the water was motionless and oily in appearance, and in its turn seemed to melt into the beach in the foreground. So intense was the heat that every object appeared as if melting into the neighboring one, with the exception of the shadows, and their line of demarcation was as positive and definite as if outlined with pen and ink; even the usual gentle ripple of the sea was melted out of sight and into silence, as if that proverbially restless element was at last subdued and quieted by the more potent force of his brother the sun.

On the piazza of a summer hotel in one of the watering-places of the lower St. Lawrence, lazily watching the sleeping sea, were scattered a few recumbent figures, occupying the various easy-chairs, while the hammocks were literally running over with pretty girls. All the party were evidently too comfortable to entertain for one moment the thought of leaving the delicious shade of the far-projecting veranda roof to venture out in the merciless sun. When we said all, there was a reservation, as usual; in this case in the person of a young miss in short dresses and a prematurely matured face, who was either moving restlessly about or immured up to the eyebrows in one of Hugh Conway's novels. On this occasion she had carried her chair out into the full blaze of the sun, "so as to be different to the others." It is astonishing how many young people, in what may be termed their chrysalis state, like to be thought eccentric, when they are really only very silly. But to return to this very young lady. She had seated herself under an immense umbrella, and was almost hidden from sight, book and all. And so the moments passed on, nothing new to be seen, nothing moving, nothing working except the sun, who continued to move and melt in his course as vigorously as ever. After a while he gradually became interested in the book in the girl's lap, for slowly but surely a dazzling ray stole by the edge of the umbrella and lit up the page, until the reader felt as if she was staring straight at an electric-light of intense power. Feeling this to be insupportable, the precocious child stood up to change the angle of her chair, and as she did so became aware of the fact of something coming over the brow of the hill that led down to the little parish church. After gazing for a few minutes she reported there was a team laden with people coming in the direction of the hotel. Presently the same fresh young voice reported a second team, then a third, then a fourth, a fifth. By this time there were signs of waking animation among some of the reclining figures before mentioned, and a sweet feminine tone asked the company, somewhat languidly, what it all meant. At that hour of the forenoon, with the intense heat, what could five loads of misguided people want travelling along a badly constructed sand-up-to-the-axle road that rarely bore the impress of a horse's shoe, save on Sundays, when the habitants came from their distant farms to hear mass in the ancient church?

By this time the "umbrella girl" had reported eleven carriages in sight, and furthermore, the leading one was turning into the path that led up to the sacred edifice. At this point Madame L——, a handsome, well-preserved French Canadian widow, announced to the company that she was sure it was a wedding. At this two young ladies who occupied the same hammock started up so suddenly in unison that it rather gave one the idea of the double-headed girl of dime museum celebrity. The further information from under the shade of the umbrella that some of the ladies in the wagons wore white bonnets and dresses confirmed madame's suspicions of a matrimonial event. All the occupants of the piazza rose in a flutter of expectation, and were apparently possessed with the one idea of going down to witness the ceremony. But while parasols and shades of all kinds were being hunted up, one cautious old bachelor remarked that "as the little church was already filled to overflowing with the wedding guests, many of whom were standing outside in the shadow of its walls, it would be sheer nonsense to add to the number of the sufferers." Some of the married ladies thought the term sufferers had a covert meaning, and were prepared to resent such an insinuation, but a positive denial on the part of the offending gentleman saved him from being boycotted, and he was promised full restoration to favor on condition of his going down to the church and bringing back particulars of the proceedings. In due course of time he reappeared, or rather seemed to melt along the path to the expectant group in waiting. When he at last toiled into the shade he took off his hat, took out his handkerchief and wiped and mopped his bald head, then deliberately wiped the inside of his straw hat, and commenced fanning himself with the same.

"Well?" at last exclaimed one of the impatient fair ones in an inquiring tone.

"It's a wedding."

"Of course it is," answered a chorus of voices.

"Is that all you've got to tell us? We knew all that before you went."

After another passing of the handkerchief over his knobby forehead he added, "It's a young man and woman being married."

"Well, we didn't think it was two old men," came rather pertly from under the umbrella.

"They are French Canadians," said the bachelor.

"We guessed that much," rather satirically from the female chorus.

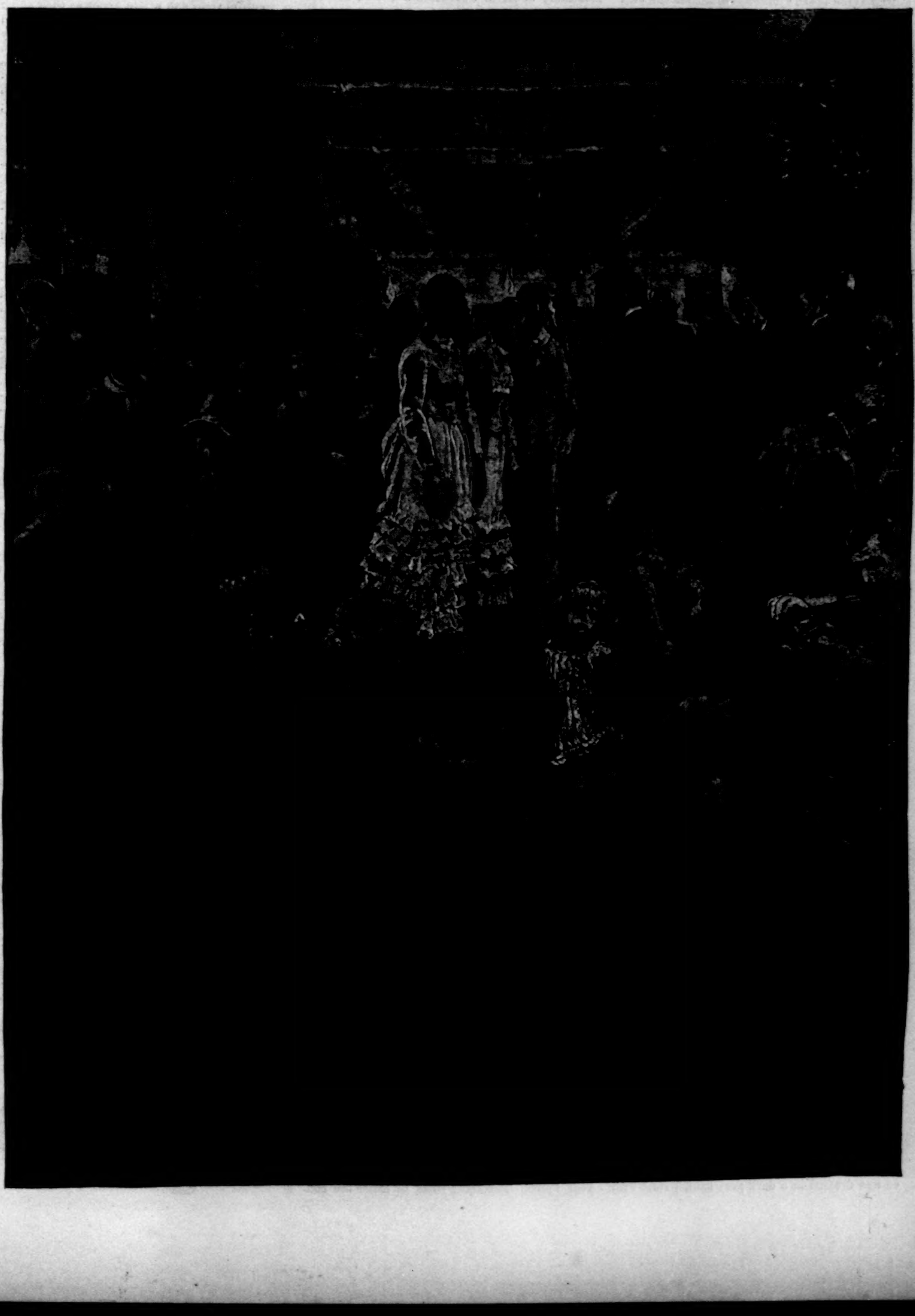
"Great Scott!" exclaimed the victim, "if you knew all about it, what did you send me down for, eh?"

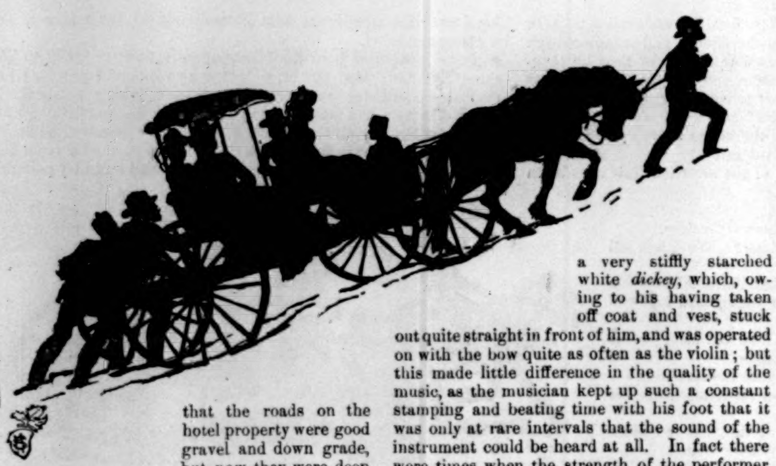
After a while, when he began to grow cooler, and as a consequence better-tempered, he informed the company that the festivities in connection with the happy occasion were to commence at the home of the bride's nearest relatives, some five miles distant, and furthermore, he had arranged with one of the drivers to come down in the cool of the evening and take up as many of the ladies and gentlemen as would like to go and see the dancing, which was the principal feature on these occasions, and generally lasted three days and three nights. The first day and night at the home of the bride's relatives, the second at that of the groom's, while the third and concluding one took place at the home of the young couple.

The bachelor also informed his friends that he had contracted with the gallant Jehu to wait for them as long as they cared to stay, and drive them home by the moonlight afterward; but as it would be a ten-mile drive and a long wait, he (the driver) did not see how he could possibly afford to do the job for less than *one dollar and a quarter*. This sum, the gentleman guiltily admitted, he had committed himself to raise, either by subscription, donation, assessment, or otherwise. In any event, he was pledged to hand over the munificent sum immediately on the return of the party to the hotel.

At the appointed hour the following persons were ready to join the expedition: Madame L., weighing two hundred pounds; her charming daughter and graceful niece, weighing respectively ninety-five and one hundred and twenty pounds; artistic gentleman from the Canadian capital, weighing one hundred pounds; son of same, seventy-five pounds; gentleman and wife from the Hub, whose collective weight was three hundred and fifty pounds;

add to this the weight of driver, about one hundred and fifty pounds, and you have a total of one thousand and ninety pounds, without the weight of carriage, etc. The weight is given that a just estimate may be formed of the confidence of a habitant driver in the pluck and capability of his little Canadian pony. The vehicle was what is commonly known as a buckboard, with two seats. The party protested when they saw the accommodation; they said it was impossible for them all to get in, and even if they did, one horse could never draw such a load. However, under the driver's direction, the ladies were all seated, the gentlemen mounted on the hind axle, while the driver took up his position on the horse's back, postilion fashion, which gave quite an imposing appearance to the turn-out. Very much to the astonishment of all present, the little woolly-legged pony started off quite briskly, the driver shouting whoa! at the top of his lungs, to impress all with the uncontrollable speed of his fiery steed. As soon as the road wound out of sight of the hotel the furious pace was suddenly slackened, and the driver, with true French politeness, explained





that the roads on the hotel property were good gravel and down grade, but now they were deep sand and very much uphill. "For, oh, just one leetle distance, and if the good messieurs would be so very kind as to get off and shove behind, he himself would go ahead and pull," which co-operative plan he assured them would soon bring them to the top of the hill. The good messieurs did as requested, and as the road all the way was both uphill and sandy, the good messieurs did all in their power to help the gallant charioteer earn his dollar and a quarter, comforted by his assurance that as it must necessarily be down-hill all the way home, "they would enjoy one magnifique ride by the moonlight all the way back."

Upon arriving at their destination it suddenly occurred to the ladies that there was a certain lack of etiquette in thus invading the sanctity of these simple homely festivities as uninvited guests. This difficulty was soon overcome by the irrepressible Jehu, who at once dived into the midst of the assembly, and soon returned escorting the bride's kinsman (the host), who received the visitors with a courtly grace that would have done honor to a state reception, and in spite of his home-made and homespun garments was so thoroughly and instinctively a gentleman that he made the party feel that they were the wedding guests without whom the festival would be incomplete.

What a unique sight that simple log house presented on first entering! It was all one large room on the ground-floor, about twenty-five by thirty-five feet. It afterward appeared that the partition had been taken down to accommodate the dancers, of whom there was a goodly number. In each corner of the room was a bed, one of those old-fashioned, high, four-post affairs, brought over by the first settlers, with curtains and coverlet of home-spun linen as white as frequent conscientious washing could make them. Close to each bed were several primitive cradles, that looked as if they might be used to rock into an eternal sleep, and afterward serve as a sarcophagus to some of these infant Canadians, who come into the world so numerously that when one sometimes goes out of it before reaching years of discretion it is little missed and rarely mourned. These cradles contained each two or three babies, while on the beds was a confused mass of hats, bonnets, shawls, coats, and children of all ages, sizes, and complexions, with other miscellaneous articles; for it is customary at these matrimonial celebrations to invite all the neighbors and friends, no matter how far distant their homes may lie apart. All are included in the invitation—the old, the young, and the middle-aged, and of necessity the very young, as these simple peasants have no dependent to whom they can delegate their maternal cares, and it would never enter their heads to stay at home on account of a few babies. If they did, there would be but small chance of their ever enjoying social intercourse away from their domestic hearth-stone. Along the wall at each side of the room a shingle was inserted between the logs at about every two feet distance; this held a tallow candle for purposes of illumination, and by the constant guttering and dripping of the tallow, which adhered to the dancers' feet, they inadvertently waxed the floor. The orchestra consisted of two fiddlers, who relieved one another at intervals, and as performers who could produce music by main force they were unsurpassed. The one on duty when the guests entered was dressed in a dark gray flannel shirt with a very stiffly starched white *dickey*, which, owing to his having taken off coat and vest, stuck out quite straight in front of him, and was operated on with the bow quite as often as the violin; but this made little difference in the quality of the music, as the musician kept up such a constant stamping and beating time with his foot that it was only at rare intervals that the sound of the instrument could be heard at all. In fact there were times when the strength of the performer gave out entirely as to hands and arms, and the music had to be supplied entirely by the *pedals*; but this made very little difference to the dancers —*they* were too much in earnest. The floor was full as there was space to move in, while in every corner, both inside and outside the house, were friends waiting their turn in the mazy dance. They had commenced the terpsichorean exercises at noon, and the party from the hotel arrived about half past nine P.M., and, as the host gleefully informed them, "the floor had never been empty during that period."

It was very interesting to watch the thorough enjoyment and quiet content of these descendants of their simple Norman ancestors, who have retained all the characteristics of their race since they first set foot on Canadian soil. Living is to them a very simple affair; they have but few complications in their career. To toil for their daily bread; to take an occasional holiday, which invariably means a fiddle and a dance; to pay tithes to the Church of the meagre product of their impoverished farms (for they are entirely ignorant of the science of improving their land; they go on year after year getting what little they can, which each year becomes less, but with no idea of giving anything in return in the way of fertilizing, etc.: they farm their lands just as their forefathers did, with the old-fashioned implements brought over from Normandy and other provinces of France by the early settlers); to raise up as large a family as possible under the shadow of that Church, and then to quietly pass away and make room for the younger ones—is to them the *summum bonum* of existence.

But to return to the dancers: they were determined to enjoy themselves to the utmost limit. It being the newly made Benedict's privilege as well as duty to dance with every lady present, it may easily be imagined he had a busy time of it. The bride, who by reason of being in mourning for the recent death of her father did not mingle with the dancers, but sat quietly among a group of matrons who appeared to be very much interested in her welfare, was a pretty, modest-looking girl of about nineteen years of age, of medium height, with rather a plump figure; she was of the usual brunette French Canadian type, with a pretty oval face; her black hair was smoothly brushed back from a rather low forehead, which was very becoming to her, and somewhat refreshing to behold in these days of frizzy bangs and obliterated foreheads; but her eyes were the glory of her face; they were large, brown, soft, and liquid in their tender expression—in fact they were the oft quoted but seldom seen beautiful ox eye.

The entrance of the visitors gave a new impetus to the enjoyment; the bridegroom immediately led Madame L—— to the head of a new set then forming, while the gentleman from Ottawa led out one of the bridemaids, and with a little extra *pedal* work on the part of the orchestra they all went to work with a will. The term work is here used advisedly, as, judging from the solemn faces of the participants, no one would ever have imagined it was fun; there was no relaxation of their sobriety until the Ottawatian essayed to swing madame. Realizing that his one hundred pounds avoirdupois would not balance her two hundred gracefully, he made a special rush with his arms out ready to encircle her comely waist. A mischievous twinkle in madame's eye foreboded danger to the daring one; she simply stood still, smiling and offering a passive resistance. On he came with a rush and a bound, twining his diminutive form round madame, and bounding off again, finally brought up in one of the cradles on top of a pair of twins, whose mother continued to rock as unconcernedly as if it was an every-day occurrence that her infants should be threatened with speedy destruction by a flying devotee of Terpsichore.

After satisfying their curiosity, and being informed by madame in a stage-whisper that she had learned all the story of the courtship that had led up to this happy event, the visiting party decided to take their leave, but found to their dismay their Jehu was not of the same opinion. In fact he was just starting in for another protracted dance, without the slightest thought of leaving for hours; they reminded him that he had promised to take them back whenever they were ready to go; but he (with the true bargaining spirit of your French Canadian), when he made the contract, had seen a way of getting an evening's pleasure while making his patrons pay expenses, and was determined to make the most out of them.

However, the Bostonian saw a way out of the difficulty by volunteering as driver to the expedition; they were soon all packed away according to regulation in their various places, and the worthy gentleman assumed the reins; but here he had evidently reckoned without his host, as no amount of threatening or coaxing would induce the sturdy little pony to move as much as a foot, and he dared not use the whip in the presence of the ladies, who one and all protested against such an outrage on the much-enduring quadruped. They were so absorbed in their occupation that they had failed to note the approach of the driver, who had repented of his stubbornness, and was an amused spectator of their failure. He now announced his presence by informing them they were working the wrong way to get speed out of a French pony; so, climbing on the animal's back, he took a firm hold of the reins, and threw himself back until there seemed a fair prospect of dislocating the creature's lower jaw; then he commenced to yell like one possessed, till the horse started so suddenly that the occupants were nearly thrown over the backs of the seats. By dint of pulling on the reins and shouting "Whoa!" the driver fulfilled his promise of "one *magnifique* ride."

On the way home madame was called upon to repeat the story of the courtship, etc., of the young couple, of which the following is a condensed report:

Xavier Bouvin, the groom, and Zotique, his cousin (and best man on the present occasion), when quite young lads left their homes in the Saguenay district, and journeyed up to Ottawa to try their fortunes in a more enlarged field; they soon secured regular work at lumbering, and by care and thrift they managed to save several hundred dollars apiece.

About two years before the wedding they returned to their native county, and combining their savings, purchased some uncleared land and commenced farming operations, with plenty of youthful vigor and bright hopes as their stock in trade. They went to work with a will, and ere long many acres of noble maples and stately pines had fallen prostrate before the well-aimed blows of their glittering axes. The fallen giants of the forest were converted into a neat log-house, and the cousins soon had good cause to congratulate themselves upon their prosperity; but they speedily discovered that house-keeping, however simple in its requirements, was a mental strain that told upon them more than the most severe out-of-door toil; therefore they consulted together and decided it would be a saving in every way, as well as a great comfort, to have a wife to look after their personal welfare. After due consideration, and taking stock of the eligible maidens in their vicinity, the choice fell upon gentle Rose Beaugrand.

She was just the wife they wanted. Her mother had long been dead, and her father (her sole surviving near relative) had every reason to be proud of his blooming daughter's kindly ways and good housewifely qualities.

The young cousins, according to French custom, waited upon Beaugrand père, gave an honest statement of possessions and prospects, and solicited permission to pay attention to Rose. Monsieur B. received the proposition with favor, and inquired which of the young men aspired to the honor of becoming his son-in-law. This question caused the greatest possible consternation in the business-like minds of the youthful wooers. They had been equal partners so far in all their ventures; they had mutually felt the want of a house-keeper, and it had never occurred to them that in this case one must assume the proprietorship, or, in other words, a senior partner must now came into the firm.

They at last decided the matter by drawing lots with two straws, a long one and a short one; the long one fell to Xavier, who was destined to be the happy man. The lady readily gave her consent, soon after which Rose was left solitary and alone by the sudden death of her father. It was then thought advisable to shorten the engagement by a speedy marriage, hence the happy event just celebrated.

The last view the visitors got of the orchestra made them feel sympathetic; he was a pitiable object; his hair was hanging damp and matted over his eyes, which were nearly closed in slumber; the violin had long been abandoned for the more mechanical rhythm of the foot, poor fellow; and to think there were yet two more days and nights at which he and his comrade must relieve each other at their post!

RAILROAD BUFFET, THIRD CLASS, RUSSIA.

GOGOL gives Russia in the past, TOLSTOÏ, Russia of the present, JOSEF CHELMONSKI, in his clever sketch, shows how the subjects of the Czar, being but ordinary mortals like ourselves, take their food at a railroad buffet. Be it said, to the credit of the keepers of such refreshment stands, buffets in Russia always are excellent. If the first-class buffet is unexceptionable, the third-class one, where soldiers, peasants, and tradesmen frequent, is very good of its kind. The station may be near Wilna. The locomotive is being fired up. It throws off a dense column of smoke, because wood is burnt. There never is any great hurry at a Russian station. The offences DICKENS wrote about in Mugby Junction, as occurring in civilized England, if perpetrated in Russia, would bring about merited punishment to the buffet-keepers. On the walls of the room is inscribed, in Russian characters, "Third-class Buffet." The food supplied is various as to kind; you can have two or three kinds of meat, tea and coffee, wine or beer, brandy or vodka. On the table are loaves of bread and "siak," and siak is smoked fish, the fish itself resembling somewhat our shad. Near the solid provender is the tea in tumblers, each glass with its spoon. Admirable is this Russian tea. Milk in tea is an abomination to a Russian. Tea is sugared, and a slice of lemon floats in it. From the samovar, which Mr. CHELMONSKI has been careful to put in his sketch, the scalding beverage is drawn. The soldier in front of the counter is providing himself with a pot of coffee. In the train there has been a regiment of infantry *en route*, and the men throng the buffet. Observe how carefully the artist has followed the peculiarities of the Russian face. Notice the up-tilt of the soldier's nose, a modified Kalmuck profile. Further to the left of the print is a Jew smoking a long pipe; seated on the bench, peasants are eating. It may be cabbage soup, and a very good soup it is.

The men, who have been cramped during a long journey, stretch their limbs and take many poses. The place may be rather hot, stuffy, and slightly odorous, for the lower classes in Russia are not particular as to the use of water. There ought to be a sacred shrine somewhere, but it is probably in the wall back of the buffet. The buffet generally resounds with chatter and laughter, for the Russian loves to talk, and is by nature merry. A glass of tea costs here about three and a half cents, and yet that is a good deal of money for a soldier to pay. Russia's civilization is not like ours. It is peculiar of its kind, and Oriental rather than European, and Slav and Saxon may not mingle; but advanced as we may be in many things having to do with travel, it would be very much to our advantage did we copy the Russian buffet system. Prices are adapted to purses. The food is clean, well prepared, and cheap, and there is ample time given to eat it in. The buffets are under government supervision.

DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

CONSIDERABLY over a million dollars is invested in duck-shooting around the head of the Chesapeake Bay. It is the greatest region for the sport in the world, and the luxury and extent of the equipments are unrivalled anywhere in this country. Saturday, November 3d, is the opening day of the season. If a stranger should visit the neighborhood he would be forcibly reminded of a Fourth of July celebration. From before sunrise to after sunset the steady fire of hundreds of guns is heard. Long before night comes thousands of empty shells are drifting upon the tides, and thousands of hapless ducks are bagged for the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. One year seven thousand ducks were killed on the opening day, but usually the number ranges from two to five thousand.

Along the Chesapeake, from the Patapsco to the head of the bay, a distance of about forty miles, the northern shores are cut up by five rivers and at least twenty estuaries, and the charts record no less than thirty-six points, that is, small capes. In and around these streams are large flats upon which wild celery or *valisneria* grows with a luxuriance unknown to any other body of water. The Susquehanna and Gunpowder shallows are especially rich in it. To these celery beds the canvas-backs and red-heads come in large numbers every year. After breeding in the fur countries of the far North, they follow the advance of winter down the coast. Some stop in Long Island Sound, some in the New Jersey waters, and some in Delaware Bay, but most of them come to the Chesapeake. The canvas-back obtains both his scientific name and his delicacy from the *valisneria*. He dives for it through six or eight feet of water, and dines abundantly upon its tender white roots. He arrives in October, lean from a long flight, and with a fishy flavor as a reminiscence of his Northern home. In two or three weeks both of these are gone. The celery has fattened and purified him. The red-head, which is the most numerous of the varieties in the Chesapeake, undergoes a similar experience, but he never reaches the perfection of the canvas-back, although the average man cannot tell the difference between the two when cooked and placed before him. The black-head, the bald-pate, and the mallard are grades considerably lower than the red-head, and after them come a half-dozen varieties which make good food for powder if not the best of food for the table.

Myriads of canvas-backs and red-heads frequented this region from the earliest recollection. So plentiful were they less than a century ago that they were killed in hundreds by mounted guns. Slaves were hired by the year to do the hunting, and a clause in one of the contracts which has been preserved states that they shall

not be fed on canvas-back ducks more than twice a week. This is on a par with a case in the colonial times of Anne Arundel County, where the slaves revolted because they were being fed too much on diamond-back terrapin. To-day the supply of canvas-backs is never equal to the demand in this country, and BISMARCK and other noted epicures of Europe are only too glad to pay the highest market prices, together with the freight charges across the ocean. Gradually the shooting became a business for some, and a sport for those who could afford it. The competition led to the wholesale murder of the fowls by unscrupulous methods. It made the fortunes of the participants, but it almost destroyed the real sport, and rapidly diminished the size of the flocks. Stringent laws were passed limiting the season from November 1st to March 31st, and four policemen were appointed to guard the waters. In the region around the mouth of the Susquehanna shooting was strictly forbidden within one-fourth of a mile of shore, and the hours established were from a half-hour before sunrise to an hour after sunset on three days each week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, until January 1st, and after that date on Saturdays only. There are many other protective clauses to the law, but for years it was constantly evaded. A case of great sensational interest was that of thirteen pot-hunters who slew the ducks with big guns by wholesale at night, but who were finally ferreted out by a detective employed by gentlemen of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The transgressions, however, have continued in a small way, and the law is in undoubted need of strengthening and of a more rigid enforcement.

Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna, is the head-quarters of the general duck-shooting. It is a town which has grown prosperous on its revenues from ducks. Anchored at its wharves you will find peculiarly shaped yachts, as finely furnished and as luxuriously appointed as a parlor. They are owned by rich men of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. All are equipped with sink-boxes and with from four to seven hundred and fifty decoy ducks, which are wooden imitations carefully painted so as to resemble the real fowl. There are various ways of shooting in this particular region. The first is from the sink-box, a coffin-like arrangement so constructed that when anchored on the flats or shoals and properly ballasted the deck is nearly on a level with the water, but so protected that the water cannot enter. The decoys are placed about thirty or forty yards distant. The gunners, concealed below, and kept warm and dry by furs and oil-skins, wait for their opportunities. As soon as a flock of ducks reach the decoys the shooters suddenly arise and deliver their fire with telling effect. No true sportsman will shoot a duck except when it is on the wing. The sneak-box, another method, is an enclosed boat ingeniously and noiselessly sculled until it comes within shooting distance of the ducks. A few decoys are used, and the plan is followed by those who are not able to maintain the more expensive outfits. The prime essentials of a good duck-shooter are endurance, steadiness, and the ability to keep quiet.

By far the most interesting phases of the sport are found around the ducking shores of the Gunpowder, Bush, Middle, and Back rivers. All the long points and peninsulas and islands have been utilized by the owners or by private associations, and are only accessible to the members and their invited guests. The largest of the clubs was organized by ten New-Yorkers, five Philadelphians, and five Baltimoreans, all men of wealth and prominence, each of whom contributed $2000. The last sale of one of these shares was for $7000, and it was purchased by a member of President Cleveland's cabinet. The club-house is fitted up with every convenience and every comfort. It is opened on the 12th of October, and during the season it is always ready for the accommodation of its members. Its cooks are as eminent in their art as its members are in the affairs of politics and finance, and it has entertained many of the most distinguished people of the day. The character of the guns used by the rich sportsmen can be inferred from the fact that the contents of the arsenal of one of the clubs are worth in the aggregate over twenty thousand dollars. The shooting on these private shores is superb, and one of its chief charms is that it is not subject to interference. When a member selects his position the night before, it is his for the day, and no one has a right to trespass on his territory.

The shooting is mainly of two kinds—from blinds and from the bar. An excellent idea of blinds, both natural and artificial, can be gotten from the illustrations that accompany this article. When not a natural cape, the blind is an artificial point built out not over one hundred yards from shore. At the end is a snug and secure hiding-place for the gunner, who waits for the ducks to come fluttering over the decoys. Bar-shooting is the most sportsman-like of all. The gunner takes his place on a jutting point of land and shoots the fowl as they fly over. He gives his victim equal chances, and while he does not make half as large a bag as his rival in the blind, he has the consciousness of deserving every one he kills. He uses a very heavy gun, capable of killing at a hundred yards. In both instances the dead ducks are brought in by the dogs—a breed peculiar to the Chesapeake. They are water-spaniels trained specially for the work, and they enter into it with unbounded tact and enthusiasm. They lie perfectly still until the word is given, and then they plunge straightway toward the crippled ducks. The ducks generally dive, but the dogs wait their chance and grab them as they reappear. Then after they collect the cripples they bring in the dead. Tolling is a scheme which takes advantage of the duck's peculiar weakness. The canvas-back has an abnormal curiosity. Water-dogs are taught to romp up and down the shore, jumping into the water and then jumping out, making all sorts of unaccountable movements. The canvas-back sees and hears. He wants to know what it is all about. He begins to swim in to find out. Gradually he is tolled, lured, within shooting distance. Then the gunners, who are concealed behind the bushes and trees along the shore, pour forth their fire, and he and his flock become victims of their own foolish confidence. Tolling is interesting, but it is not sportsman-like, and some of the clubs prohibit it altogether.

Unless you are wealthy, or belong to one of the clubs, it is not wise to come to Maryland for a day of duck-shooting. The expense is too great. Many of the rich sportsmen pay on an average one hundred dollars for every duck that they kill. A day's experience on the Susquehanna grounds, with the hire of boat, sink-box, and attendance, costs from twenty to seventy-five dollars, and you run the risk of not finding enough game to pay for the powder you carry. But we will suppose that you have conquered all difficulties by receiving an invitation to a day's shooting at one of the club shores. You arrive the night before; you dine sumptuously on canvas-back and terrapin and all the luxuries; you spend the evening in the most entertaining of company; you sink to sleep thinking what a great sport duck-shooting is; and along about four o'clock, when the dreams are sweetest and the ducks are falling by dozens around you, a rough knock assaults your door. You try to persuade yourself that it is a mistake, but it comes again, louder and longer; then you jump out into the cold atmosphere of the morning. After a good hot breakfast and a journey of several miles you reach the blind, the decoys are placed, and you and your companion settle down in the box to wait for the ducks. You are not comfortable, your legs get cramped, and as your teeth chatter from the cold, your friend observes that he wishes the mercury were lower and the wind stronger. You meekly ask him why. He tells you that the ducks fly best when the weather is most tempestuous, and that sleet or snow or a boisterous wind is just what a good sportsman fancies. You settle down in your prison. The romance has gone; in its stead is a case of shivers, with a strong desire to go home. But suddenly a whispered warning arouses you. You hear the whir of wings; you see a flock of ducks over the decoys. Both of you jump to your feet. You fire once, twice; quickly reload, and fire again. You see your game fall; your discomforts disappear; the shivers go away. The excitement warms and invigorates you, and if a mild-sized hurricane fringed with icicles would give you a few more such shots, you would be perfectly willing to stand it. You are happy, for you have discovered the indescribable exhilaration of the sport.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

AMONG the promising men in England during the last decade no one has commanded more attention or been more fully recognized than JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, one of the members for Birmingham in the British House of Commons. The affairs of last year in connection with the fisheries difficulties between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and certain relations which have grown out of his brief residence here, have made his name familiar among us almost as a household word. Eminently endowed by nature, physically and intellectually, and inheriting a splendid fortune, he has become one of the marked men of his time.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was born in London in 1836. His father, who bore the same name, was a member of one of the City companies, and a man of large wealth. His mother was CAROLINE, daughter of another well-known Londoner, Mr. HENRY HORBEN. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN very early gave evidence of the possession of superior parts, and after the completion of his education at University College, his father, in imitation of the elder PEEL and the elder GLADSTONE, gave him a choice of public political life, with a promise of adequate support. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, was of a practical turn of mind, and it was his opinion at a very early period, as it is to-day, that to be of great service to one's country and people as a legislator, one must have some actual experience of the workings and wants of the community. He accordingly gave himself to a business career.

In 1854 he connected himself with a wood-screw manufacturing house in Birmingham, of which his father was one of the leading partners—the firm of NETTLEFOLD & CHAMBERLAIN. Young as he was, he soon became the leading spirit of the concern, and he was one of the first to see and to utilize the power of combination in trade. There were screw-makers innumerable in Birmingham and Sheffield and the other iron centres. Working on different principles and making screws of different grades, they were not only antagonizing each other, but making each other poor, when they might be making each other rich. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN brought about and organized a powerful combination, and secured the protection of its rights both in the Old World and the New. The American interest in the concern was disposed of for a very large sum.

In the mean time Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was manifesting a lively interest in the affairs of the city of Birmingham. Spite of his wealth and his pecuniary prospects, his political opinions were characterized by extreme Liberalism. He was pronounced in favor of National Education and of Disestablishment. A Dissenter and an active member of one of the Unitarian churches, he had no patience with what he considered a pampered National Church. In 1868 he was chairman of the first Executive Committee of the Education League; and toward the close of the same year he was made a member of the Town Council. Step by step he advanced, winning golden opinions for intelligence and industry in every public position which he filled, becoming Mayor in 1874, and being re-elected in 1875, and again in 1876. His Mayoralty marked an era in the history of Birmingham. The city had been controlled and handicapped by boards and companies of various kinds. The hand of JOE CHAMBERLAIN, however, was everywhere, and before the end of his third year Birmingham was a new city.

He had already long since been marked out for Parliament. He had retired from business in 1874, shortly after the death of his father, from whom he inherited a large fortune. He had unsuccessfully contested Sheffield against Mr. ROEBUCK in the same year. In 1876, Mr. DIXON, one of the old members for the city, made way for him; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was elected one of the members for Birmingham. In 1880 he was returned for the same borough, having for colleagues Mr. MUNTZ and Mr. JOHN BRIGHT; and on the formation of Mr. GLADSTONE's administration he was made President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the cabinet, and was successful in passing the Bankruptcy Act, but failed in his effort to carry through a Merchant Shipping Bill. At the general election of 1885 he was looked upon as the leader of the advanced guard; and when Mr. GLADSTONE resumed office in 1886 he held the post of President of the Local Government Board. He differed radically from Mr. GLADSTONE in his home rule scheme. When the latter in 1886 appealed to the country, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was returned unopposed for West Birmingham. Since that time he has been one of the strong pillars of the Unionist cause, and has steadily held aloof from his former chief.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's latest public services were connected with this country and with Canada. Sent out by the Salisbury administration with full powers to negotiate a treaty which would make an end of the fisheries difficulties, it was believed for a time that he had been eminently successful. But the treaty failed to obtain the approval of the Senate, and the honors which would naturally have followed the successful accomplishment of so great a work have been materially qualified. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's name, since he visited this country last year, has been frequently mentioned in connection with that of Miss ENDICOTT, daughter of Secretary ENDICOTT, a descendant of JOHN ENDICOTT, the Puritan Governor of the first Massachusetts colonists, and therefore a representative of the bluest of American blue blood.

STAND BY TO ABANDON SHIP!

AN appalling order indeed when heard at dead of night or during a gale at sea; but it is an order which is not especially unfamiliar to the man-of-war's man, for from his earliest entry into the service he is accustomed at not very long intervals to hear the boatswain pipe all hands to abandon ship. Sometimes the exercise goes no farther than to see the men at their stations, with everything cleared to lower away; sometimes when in port the ship is actually abandoned, all hands being drilled at disembarking in such a way as to avoid confusion. The crowded boats are pulled away, leaving perhaps only a dozen souls on board, where some hundreds had been a few minutes before.

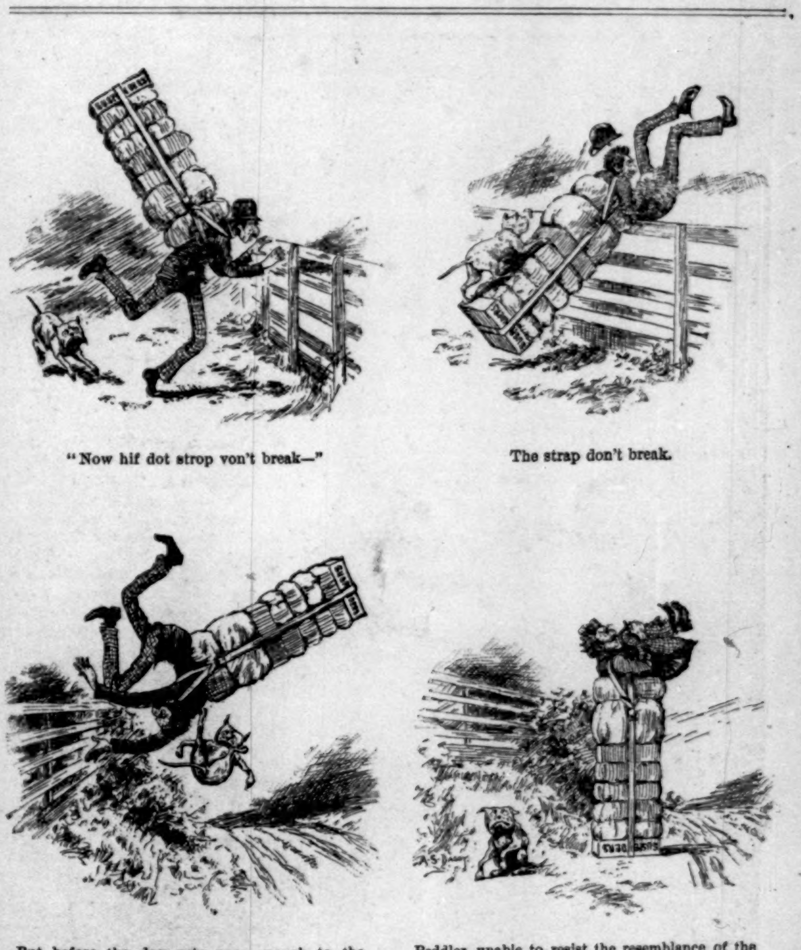
It is a very different thing, this abandoning ship in the smooth water of a sheltered harbor, from what would ordinarily be the case if the vessel had actually to be forsaken in stress of weather on the high seas. In a well-ordered ship the boat drill is practised under all conditions of weather, for there is no telling when a boat may have to be lowered. Of course no careful officer will actually lower a boat merely for practice when the sea is running dangerously high, but he may properly "go through all the motions" as far as is consistent with safety.

The necessity for a practical test comes often enough on board a man-of-war. Where two or three hundred men are constantly engaged in duties involving more or less danger, some of them are certain to fall overboard at not very widely separated intervals. So surely is this counted upon that a man is constantly kept stationed at the life-buoy, prepared to drop it as soon as the man who has fallen overboard passes astern. Of course the actual lowering of boats under such circumstances is of far more frequent occurrence than lowering them to abandon ship.

It is wonderful with what address an experienced sailor will lower a boat into a tossing sea. A high degree of coolness is essential, for if the falls are not detached at just the right moment, the boat is sure either to be swamped or broken in two, as is evident from the almost invariable occurrence of such mishaps in the case of disasters to merchant vessels. Often several boats are swamped in the endeavor to launch them, and this is hardly to be avoided in view of the comparative numerical weakness of the crew and the lack of opportunity for drill. On some of the great passenger lines, however, boat drills are required at stated intervals, and the practice is to be commended, even if all the details cannot be carried out with the completeness possible on board a man-of-war.

In the navy the efficient condition of the boat service is regarded as one of the most significant tests of the state of discipline. Every boat must at all times, according to the naval regulations, be provided with a breaker of water, the oars necessary for her proper management, and a few other minor items of equipment. The cockswain of each boat is charged with her care, and it is his duty every morning to see that she is ready for instant service, clean in every part, and ready, in short, for the order to abandon ship, which may come just when no one expects it.

That the precautionary drills common in the United States navy are effectual has been proven on more than one occasion, and never has anything occurred approximating a panic. When the *Oneida* was sunk by a collision off Japan, and when the *Huron* went ashore in a gale on the Carolina coast, all hands manned the boat falls and obeyed orders with the commendable coolness born of careful drill and strict discipline; and even when a vessel was taken up by an earthquake wave and landed high and dry a mile inland on the island of St. Thomas, every man remained at his station till word was given to abandon ship by the novel method of climbing over the side.



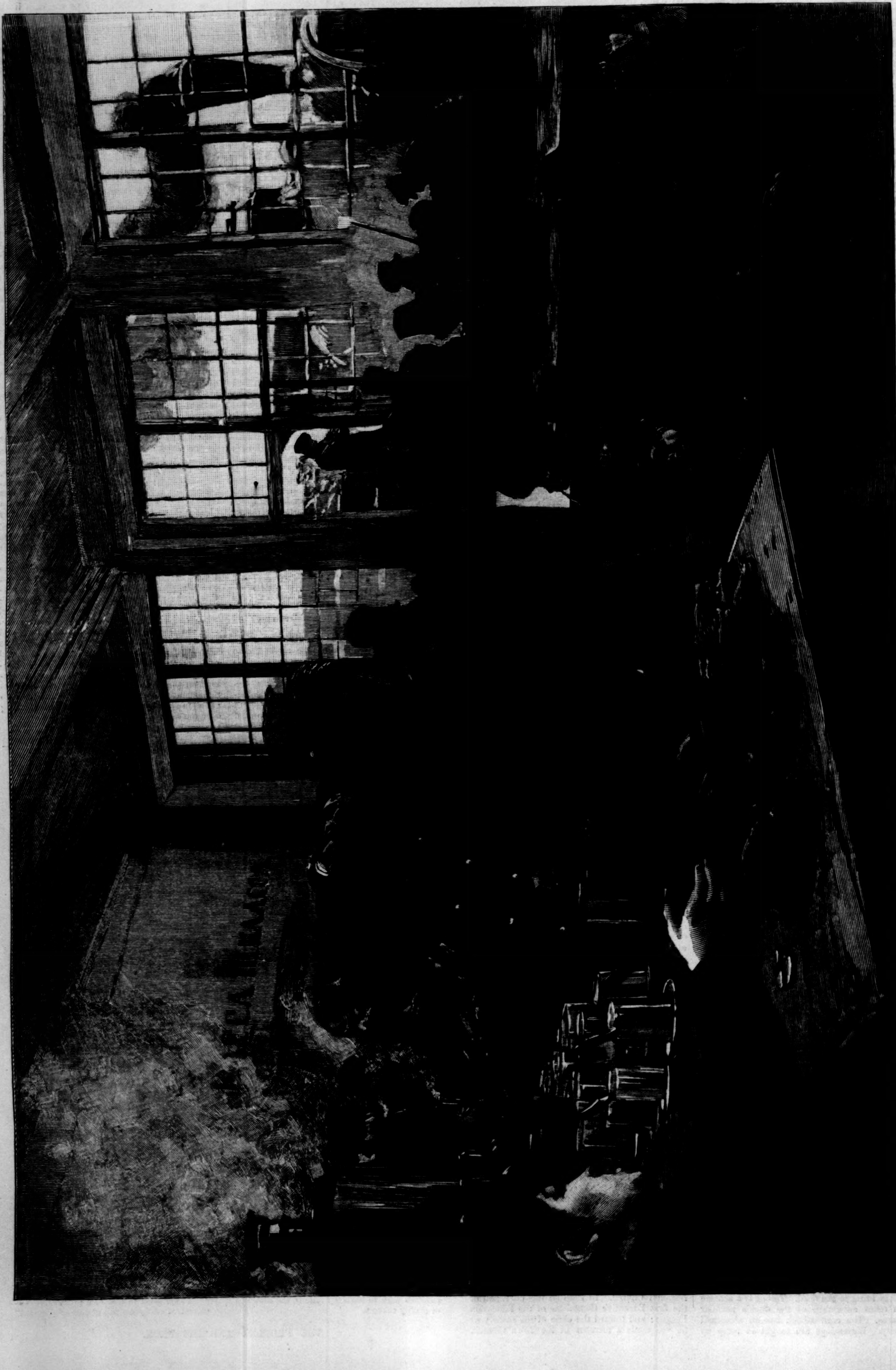
"Now hif dot strop von't break—"

The strap don't break.

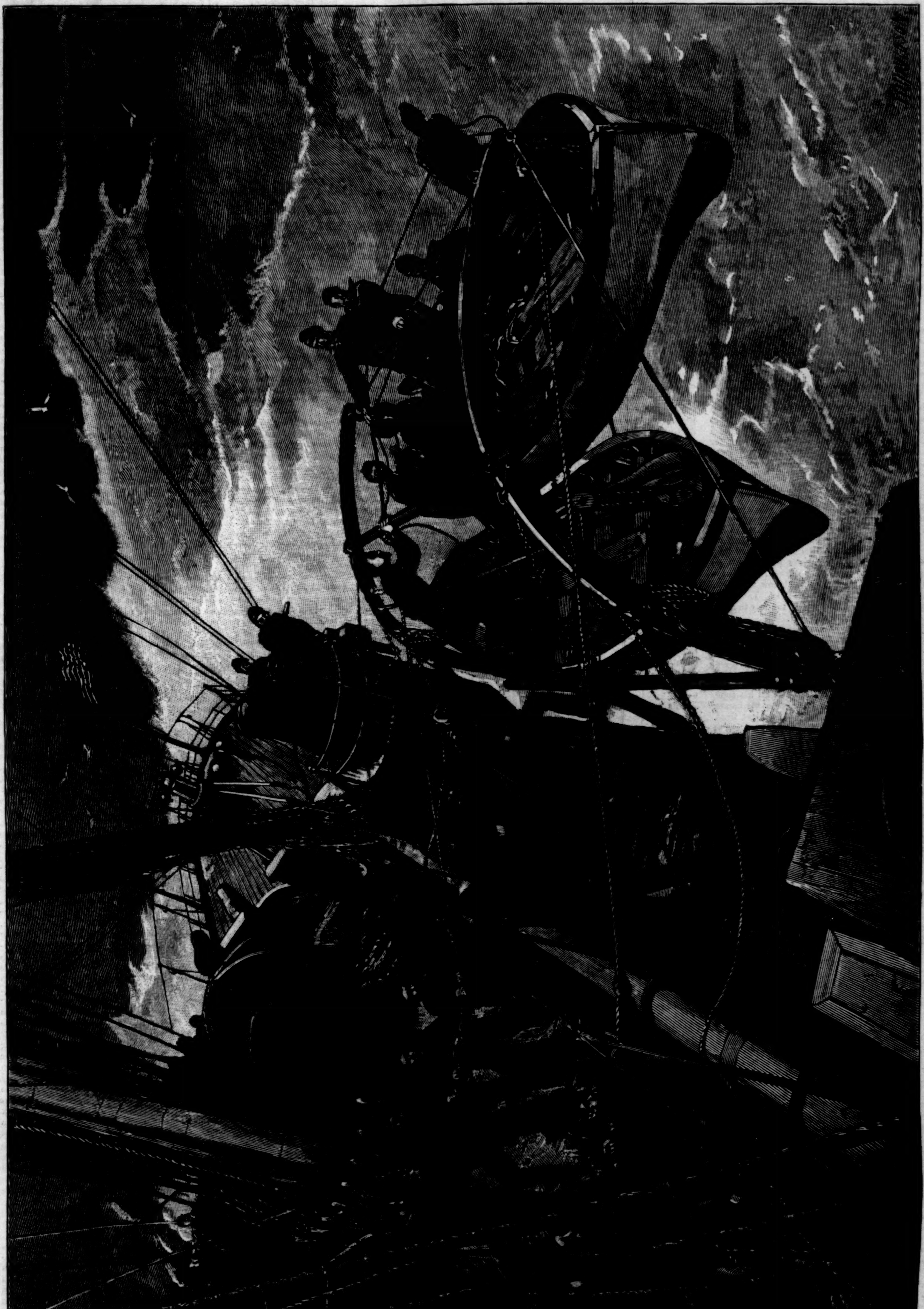
But before the dog gets near enough to the peddler's neck to begin operations, the centre of gravity changes.

Peddler, unable to resist the resemblance of the dog's expression to that of a prospective customer: "I sells you a pair of dose suspenders?"

THE PEDDLER AND HIS PACK.



A THIRD-CLASS REFRESHMENT-ROOM AT A RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION.—Drawn by Josef Chelmonski.—[See Page 830.]



NEW NAVAL EXERCISES—"PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP! ALL BOATS AWAY!"—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 831.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLONEL GOES TO SLEEP.

The condition of mind which could induce a peaceable, Christian-natured individual, who had, moreover, in the course of his career been mixed up with enough bloodshed to have acquired a thorough horror of it, to offer to fight a duel is difficult to picture. Yet this condition had been reached by Harold Quaritch.

Edward Cossey had wisely enough declined to entertain the idea, but the Colonel had been perfectly in earnest about it. Odd as it may appear in the latter end of this nineteenth century, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to pit his life against that of his unworthy rival. Of course it was foolish and wrong, but human nature is the same in all ages, and in the last extremity we fall back by instinct on those methods which men have from the beginning adopted to save themselves from intolerable wrong and dishonor, or, be it admitted, to bring the same upon others.

But Cossey utterly declined to fight. As he said, he had had enough of being shot, and so there was an end of it. Indeed, in after-days the Colonel frequently looked back upon this episode in his career with shame not unmingled with amusement, reflecting when he did so on the strange potency of that passion which can bring men to seriously entertain the idea of such extravagances.

Well, there was nothing more to be done. He might, it is true, have seen Ida, and working upon her love and natural inclinations, have tried to persuade her to cut the knot by marrying him off-hand. Perhaps he would have succeeded, for in such affairs women are apt to find the arguments advanced by their lovers weighty and well worthy of consideration. But he was not the man to adopt such a course. He did the only thing that he could do—answered her letter by saying that what must be must be. He had learned that on the day subsequent to his interview with his rival the Squire had written to Edward Cossey informing him that a decided answer would be given to him on Christmas Day, and that thereon all vexatious proceedings on the part of that gentleman's lawyers had been stayed for the time. He could now no longer doubt what that answer would be. There was only one way out of the trouble, the way that Ida had made up her mind to adopt.

So he set to work to make his preparations for leaving Honham and the country for good and all. He wrote to land agents and put Molehill upon their books to be sold or let on lease, and also to various influential friends to obtain introductions to the leading men in New Zealand. But these matters did not take up all his time, and the rest of it hung heavily on his hands. He mooned about the place until he was tired. He tried to occupy himself in his garden, but it is weary work sowing crops for strange hands to reap, and so he gave it up.

Somehow the time wore on until at last it was Christmas Eve; the eve, too, of the fatal day of Ida's decision. He dined alone that night as usual, and shortly after dinner some waits came to the house and began to sing their cheerful carols outside. The carols did not chime in at all well with his condition of mind, and he sent five shillings out to them with a request that they would go away, as he had a headache.

Accordingly they went; and shortly after their departure the great gale for which that night is still famous began to rise. Then he fell to pacing up and down the quaint old oak-panelled parlor, thinking until his brain ached. The hour was at hand, the evil was upon him and her whom he loved. Was there no way out of it, no possible way? Alas! there was but one way, and that a golden one; but where was the money to come from? He had it not, and as land stood, it was impossible to raise it. Ah, if only that great treasure which old Sir James De la Molle had hid away and died rather than reveal could be brought to light, now in the hour of his house's sorest need! But the treasure was very mythical, and if it had ever really existed it was not now to be found. He went to his despatch-box and took from it the copy he had made of the entry in the Bible which had been in Sir James's pocket when he was murdered in the court-yard. The whole story was a very strange one. Why did the brave old man wish that his Bible should be sent to his son, and why did he write that somewhat peculiar message in it?

Suppose that Ida was right, and that it contained a cipher or cryptograph which would give a clew to the whereabouts of the treasure? If so, it was obvious that it would be one of the simplest nature. A man confined by himself in a dungeon and under immediate sentence of death would not have been likely to pause to invent anything complicated. It would, indeed, be curious that he should have invented anything at all under such circumstances, and when he could have so little hope that the riddle would be solved. But, on the other hand, his position was desperate; he was quite surrounded by foes; there was no chance of his being able to convey the secret in any other way, and he *might* have done so.

Harold placed the piece of paper upon the mantel-piece, and sitting down in an arm-chair opposite, began to contemplate it earnestly, as indeed he had often done before. In case the reader should not remember its exact wording, it is repeated here. It ran: "*Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly and wickedly done to death by rebel murderers, for naught happeneth but according to God's will. And now farewell, Edward, till we shall meet in Heaven. My moneys have I hid, and on account thereof I die unto this world, knowing that not one piece shall Cromwell touch. To whom God shall appoint shall all my treasure be, for naught can I communicate.*"

Well, Harold stared and stared at this inscription. He read it forward, backward, crosswise, and in every other way, but absolutely without result. At last, wearied out with misery of mind and the pursuit of a futile occupation, he dropped off sound asleep in his chair. That happened about a quarter to eleven o'clock. The next thing that he knew was that he suddenly woke up; woke up completely, passing as quickly from a condition of deep sleep to one of wakefulness as though he had never shut his eyes. He used to say afterward that he felt as though somebody had come and aroused him; it was not like a natural waking. Indeed, so unaccustomed was the sensation that for a moment the idea flashed through his brain that he had died in his sleep, and was now awakening to a new state of existence.

This soon passed, however. Evidently he must have slept some time, for the lamp was out and the fire dying. He got up and hunted about in the dark for some matches, which at last he found. He struck a light, standing exactly opposite to the bit of paper with the copy of Sir James De la Molle's dying message on it. This message was neatly copied longwise upon a half-sheet of large writing-paper, such as the Squire generally used. Its first line ran as it was copied,

"*Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly and wickedly done.*"

Now, as the match burned up, by some curious chance, connected probably with the darkness and the sudden striking of the light upon his eyeballs, it came to pass that Harold, happening to glance thereon, was only able to read four letters of this first line of writing, all the rest seeming to him but as a blur connecting those four letters. They were—

D.........E.........a.........d,

being respectively the initial letters of the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the sixteenth words of the line given above.

The match burned out, and he began to hunt about for another.

"D-E-A-D," he said aloud, repeating the letters almost automatically. "Why, it spells '*Dead.*' That is rather curious."

Something about this accidental spelling awakened his interest very sharply—it was an odd coincidence. He lit some candles, and hurriedly examined the line. The first thing that struck him was that the four letters which went to make up the word "dead" were about equidistant in the line of writing. Could it be? He hurriedly counted the words in the line; there were sixteen of them—that is, after the first; one of the letters occurred at the commencement of every fifth word.

This was certainly curious. Trembling with nervousness, he took a pencil and wrote down the initial letter of every fifth word in the message, thus—

Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I
D E

am thus suddenly and wickedly done to death by
a d

rebel murderers, for naught happeneth but according
m a

ing to God's will. And now farewell, Edward, till
n

we shall meet in Heaven. My moneys have I hid,
s m

and on account thereof I die unto this world,
o u

knowing that not one piece shall Cromwell touch.
n t

To whom God shall appoint shall all my treasure
a

be, for naught can I communicate.
b c

When he had done he wrote these initials in a line—

DEad mans mount abc

Great heaven! he had hit upon the reading of the riddle!

The answer was "*Dead Man's Mount,*" followed by the mysterious letters A B C.

Breathless with excitement, he checked the letters again to see if by any chance he had made an error. No, it was perfectly correct. "Dead Man's Mount." That was and had been for centuries the name of the curious tumulus or mound in his own back garden, the same that learned antiquarians had discussed the origin of so fiercely, and that his aunt, the late Mrs. Massey, had at the cost of two hundred and fifty pounds erected a mushroom-shaped roof over, in order to prove that the hollow in the top had once been the agreeable country-seat of an ancient British family.

Could it then be but a coincidence that after the first word the initial of every fifth word in the message should spell out the name of this remarkable place, or was it so arranged? He sat down to think it over, trembling like a frightened child. Obviously it was not accident; obviously the prisoner of more than two centuries ago had, in his helplessness, invented this simple cryptograph, in the hope that his son, or, if not his son, some one of his descendants, would discover it, and thereby become the master of the hidden wealth. What place would be more likely for the old knight to have chosen to secrete the gold than one that even in those days had the uncanny reputation of being haunted? Who would ever think of looking for modern treasure in the burying-place of the ancient dead? In those days, too, Molehill, or Dead Man's Mount, belonged to the De la Molle family, who had reacquired it on the break up of the Abbey. It was only at the Restoration, when the Döfferleigh branch came into possession under the will of the second and last baronet, Sir Edward De la Molle, who died in exile, that they failed to recover this portion of the property. And if this was so, and Sir James, the murdered man, had buried his treasure in the mount, what did the mysterious letters A B C mean? Were they, perhaps, directions as to the line to be taken to discover it? Harold could not imagine, nor, as a matter of fact, did he or anybody else ever find out this, either then or thereafter.

Ida, indeed, used afterward to laughingly declare that old Sir James meant to indicate that he considered the whole thing as plain as A B C, but that was an explanation which did not commend itself to Harold's practical mind.

CHAPTER XL.

BUT NOT TO BED.

Harold glanced at the clock; it was nearly one in the morning—time to go to bed if he was going. But he did not feel inclined to go to bed. If he did, with this great discovery on his mind, he should not sleep. There was another thing: it was Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas Day, the day of Ida's answer. If any succor was to be given at all, it must be given at once, before the fortress had capitulated. Once let the engagement be renewed, and even if the money should subsequently be forthcoming, the difficulties would be doubled. But there; he was building his hopes upon sand, and he knew it. Even supposing that he held in his hand the key to the burial-place of the long-lost treasure, who knew whether it would still be there, or whether rumor had not enormously added to its proportions? He was allowing his hopes and his imagination to carry him away.

Still he could not sleep, and he had a mind to see if anything could be made of it. Going to the gun-room, he put on a pair of shooting boots, an old coat, and an ulster. Next he provided himself with a dark lantern and the key of the summer-house at the top of Dead Man's Mount, and silently unlocking the back door, started out into the garden. The night was very rough—for the great gale was now rising fast—and bitterly cold, so cold that he hesitated for a moment before making up his mind to go on. However, he did go on, and in another two minutes was climbing the steep sides of the great tumulus. There was a wan moon in the cold sky—the wind whistled most drearily through the naked boughs of the great oaks, which groaned in answer like things in pain. Harold was not a nervous or impressionable man, but the place had a spectral look about it, and he could not help thinking of the evil reputation it had borne for all these ages. There was scarcely a man in Honham, or in Boisingham either, who could have been persuaded to stay half an hour by himself on Dead Man's Mount after the sun was well down. Harold had at different times asked one or two of them what they saw to be afraid of, and they had answered that it was not what they saw so much as what they felt. He had laughed at the time, but now he admitted to himself that he was anything but comfortable, though if he had had to put his feelings into words he could probably not have described them further than by saying that he had a general sensation of somebody being behind him. However, he was not going to be frightened by this nonsense; so, consigning all superstitions to their father the Devil, he marched on boldly and unlocked the summer-house door. Now, though this curious edifice had been designed for a summer-house, and for that purpose lined throughout with encaustic tiles, nobody, as a matter of fact, had ever dreamed of using it to sit in. To begin with, it roofed over a great depression some thirty feet or more in diameter, for the top of the mount was hollowed out like one of those wooden cups upon which jugglers catch balls. But, notwithstanding all the encaustic tiles in the world, damp will gather in a hollow like this, and the damp alone was an objection. The real fact was, however, that the spot had an evil reputation, and even those who were sufficiently well educated to know the folly of this sort of thing would not willingly have gone there for purposes of enjoyment. So it had suffered the general fate of disused places, having fallen more or less out of repair and become a receptacle for garden tools, broken cucumber frames, and lumber of various sorts.

Harold got the door open and entered, shutting it behind him. It was, if anything, more disagreeable in the empty silence of the wide place—for the space roofed over was considerable—than it had been outside, and the question at once arose in his mind what was he to do now that he had got there? If the treasure was there at all, probably it was deep down in the bowels of the great mound. Well, as he was on the spot, he thought that he might as well have a dig, though probably nothing would come of it. In the corner were a pickaxe and some spades and shovels. Harold got them, advanced to the centre of the space, and half laughing at his own folly, set to work. First, having lit another lantern which was kept there, he removed with the sharp end of the pickaxe a large patch of the encaustic tiles exactly in the centre of the depression. Then having loosened the soil beneath with the pick, he took off his ulster and fell to digging with a will. The soil proved to be very sandy and easy to work. Indeed, from its appearance, he soon came to the conclusion that it was not virgin earth, but worked soil, which had been thrown there. Presently his spade struck against something hard; he picked it up and held it to the lantern. It proved to be an ancient spear-head, and near it were some bones, though whether or no they were human he could not at the time determine. This was very interesting, but it was scarcely what he wanted, so he dug on manfully until he found himself chest-deep in a kind of grave. He had been digging for an hour now, and was getting very tired. Cold as it was, the perspiration poured from him. As he paused for breath he heard the church clock strike two, and very solemnly it sounded down the wild ways of the wind-torn winter night. He dug on a little more, and then seriously thought of giving up what he was somewhat ashamed of having undertaken. How was he to account for this great hole to his gardener on the following morning? Then and there he made up his mind that he would not account for it. The gardener, in common with the rest of the village, believed that the place was haunted. Let him set down the hole to the "spooks" and their spiritual activity.

Still he dug on at his grave for a little longer. It was by now becoming a matter of exceeding labor to throw the shovelfuls of soil clear of the hole. Then he determined to stop, and with this view scrambled, not without difficulty, out of the amateur tomb. Once out, his eyes fell on a stout iron crowbar which was standing among the other tools, such an implement as is used to make holes in the earth wherein to set hurdles and stakes; and it occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea to drive this crowbar into the bottom of the grave which he had dug, in order to ascertain if there was anything within its reach. Accordingly he once more descended into the hole, and began to work with the iron crow, driving it down with all his strength. When he had got it almost as deep as it would go—that is, about three feet—it struck something—something hard—there was no doubt of it. He worked away in great excitement, widening the hole as much as he could.

Yes, it was masonry, or, if it was not masonry, it was something uncommonly like it. He drew the crow out of the hole, and seizing the shovel, commenced to dig again with renewed vigor. As he could no longer conveniently throw the soil from the hole, he took a "skep," or leaf basket, which lay handy, and placing it beside him, put as much of the sandy soil as he could lift into it, and then lifted it and shot it on the edge of the pit. For three-quarters of an hour he labored thus most manfully, till at last he came down to the stone-work. He cleared a patch of it and examined it attentively by the light of the dark lantern. It appeared to be rubble-work built in the form of an arch. He struck it with the iron crow, and it gave back a hollow sound. There was a cavity of some sort underneath.

His excitement and curiosity redoubled. By great efforts he widened the spot of stone-work already laid bare. Luckily the soil, or rather sand, was so friable that there was very little exertion required to loosen it. This done, he took the iron crow, and inserting it beneath a loose flat stone, levered it up. This was a beginning, and having got rid of the large flat stone, he struck down again and again with all his strength, driving the sharp point of the heavy crow into the rubble-work beneath. It began to give; he could hear bits of it falling into the cavity below. There! it went with a crash, more than a square foot of it.

He leaned over the hole at his feet, devoutly hoping that the ground on which he was standing would not give way also, and tried to look down. The next second he threw his head back coughing and gasping. The foul air rushing up from the cavity or chamber, or whatever it was, had half poisoned him. Then, not without difficulty, he climbed out of the grave and sat down on the pile of sand he had thrown up. Clearly he must let the air in the place sweeten a little. Clearly also he must have assistance if he was to descend into the great hole. He could not undertake that by himself.

He sat there upon the edge of the pit, wondering who there was that he could trust. Not his own gardener. To begin with, he would never come near the place at night, and, besides, such people talk. The Squire? No, he could not rouse him at this hour, and also, for obvious reasons, they had not met lately. Ah, he had it. George was the man! To begin with, he could be trusted to hold his tongue, and the episode of the production of the real Mrs. Quest had taught the Colonel that George was a person of no common powers. He could think, and he could act also.

He threw on his coat, extinguished the large stable lantern, and having passed out, locked the door of the summer-house, and started down the mount at a trot. The wind had risen steadily during his hours of work, and was now blowing a furious gale. It was about a quarter to four in the morning, and the stars shone brightly in the hard, clean-blown sky. By their light and that of the waning moon he struggled on in the teeth of the raging tempest. As he passed under one of the oaks he heard a mighty crack overhead, and guessing what it was, ran like a hare. He was none too soon. A circular gust of more than usual fierceness had twisted the top right out of the great tree, and down it came upon the turf, with a rending, crashing sound that made his blood turn cold. After this escape he avoided the neighborhood of the groaning trees.

George lived in a neat little farm-house about a quarter of a mile away. There was a short-cut to it across the fields, and this he took, breathlessly fighting his way against the gale, which swept and roared and howled in its splendid might as it came leaping across the ocean from its birthplace in the distances of air. Even the stiff hawthorn fences bowed before its breath, and the tall poplars on the sky-line bent like a rod beneath the first rush of a salmon.

Excited as he was, the immensity and grandeur of the sight and sounds struck upon him with strange and awful force. Never before had he felt so far apart from man and so near to that dread Spirit round whose feet millions of rolling worlds rush on forever, at whose word they are, endure, and are not.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

He struggled on until at last he reached the house. It was quite silent, but in one of the windows a light was burning. No doubt its occupants found it impossible to sleep in that wild gale. The next thing to consider was how to make himself heard. To knock at the door would be useless in that turmoil. There was only one thing to be done—throw stones at the window. He found a good-sized pebble, and standing underneath, threw it with such good-will that it went right through the glass, lighting, as he afterward heard, full upon Mrs. George's sleeping nose, and nearly frightening that good woman, whose nerves were already shaken by the gale, into a fit. Next minute a red nightcap appeared at the window.

"George!" roared the Colonel, in a lull of the gale.

"Who's there?" came the faint answer.

"I—Colonel Quaritch. Come down. I want to speak to you."

The head was withdrawn, and a couple of minutes afterward Harold saw the front door begin to open slowly. He waited till there was space enough, and then slipped in, and together they forced it to.

"Stop a bit, sir," said George; "I'll light the lamp," and he did.

Next minute he stepped back in amazement.

"Why, what on arth hev you bin after, sir?" he said, contemplating Harold's filth-begrimed face and hands and clothes. "Is anything wrong up at the Castle, or is the cottage blown down?"

"No, no," said Harold; "listen. You've heard tell of the treasure that old Sir James De la Molle buried in the times of the Roundheads?"

"Yes, yes. I've heard tell of that. Hev the gale blown it up?"

"No; but by Heaven I believe that I am in a fair way to find it."

George took another step back, remembering the tales that Mrs. Jobson had told, and not being by any means sure that the Colonel was not in a dangerous condition of lunacy.

"Give me a glass of something to drink, water or milk, and I'll tell you. I've been digging all night, and my throat's like a lime-kiln."

"Digging? why, where?"

"Where? In Dead Man's Mount."

"In Dead Man's Mount?" said George. "Well, blow me if that ain't a funny place to dig on a night like this!" and, too amazed to say anything more, he went off to get the milk.

Harold drank three glasses without stopping, and then sat down to tell as much of his moving tale as he thought desirable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COAST PEDDLER.

"The coast" in Louisiana has a wide range. The followers of La Salle or of Iberville took their French *côte* and applied the word to the land, indifferent as to whether it was in proximity to fresh or salt water. In rural France to-day *côte* has the same extended significance. The land bordering the Gulf of Mexico or the Mississippi is *la côte* to the creole and "the coast" to everybody else. How far "the coast" stretches up the Mississippi has not been geographically defined; certainly some short distance beyond the Louisiana borders. To the colored man, as to the Louisiana Acadian, *la côte* will always be in use, and they apply it not only to the land in close proximity to the great river, but to entire southern sections of the State. It is a good old time-honored word, worthy of preservation, not likely to be lost, because of Côte Blanche, one of the southern bays in the State. Mr. Cable knows "the coast" well, with its many bayous and lagoons, its live-oaks, its gnarled vines. It is a fruitful land, a semi-tropical one, where nature runs riot. "The coast" makes sugar; once it produced indigo.

Gay New Orleans before the troubles sought "the coast," living on plantations, and in no part of the world were there, a half century ago, such delightful quarters as could be found there. "The coast" planters had handsome balances in their factors' hands, and lived the freest, the happiest, of existences. The climate is one admirably adapted to the physical conditions of the negro. Whether it arose from a particular race of Africans having been first brought there as slaves by the French or Spaniards, or because of their more fortunate surroundings, the Louisiana negroes of "the coast" were once the finest specimens of a transplanted people.

Long before the war, for purposes of trade with the negro, the coast peddler existed. Even to-day the range of land is so vast, the methods of access so difficult, lagoons so intricate to thread, that the coast peddler has become a necessity. Necessarily, to be peripatetic, he has to be aquatic. He does not carry his pack on his back, but in his boat. He may or may not be Semitic. Generally he has a streak of French blood in his veins, and is fluent in the queer *patois* of the country. He carries in his small craft gay stuffs, wonderful bandana handkerchiefs, tawdry pinchbeck jewelry, and above all strong-smelling perfumes and essences, for the true-blooded negress loves musk as does the cat valerian. There is not much money, if any, among the colored people along the coast. The peddler comes down to the primitive methods of exchanges, and barters his wares for what is generally known as junk. It is not to be supposed that junk is a generic term, which means anything to be sold which does not belong to the seller. Anyhow the coast peddler does not ask many questions, and so the old copper pans of the sugar battery of half a century ago often make their way down to New Orleans with the miscellaneous freight found in the boat. The coming of this wandering chapman is at once known by the hands. The women invariably spy him out first. No matter if the boss be present, hoes are dropped, and they scamper down to the shore of the bayou, eager to feast their eyes on those treasures the coast peddler brings. A gilt chain and locket around a chocolate neck and bosom makes an artistic contrast of color not to be disdained, and if it is not this trinket which brings about trade, the flashy bracelet will clinch the bargain. The ways of *la côte* and those of the Guinea coast are not so very dissimilar.

AN ANCIENT AND INTERESTING CITY.

The wayfaring straggler who reaches the lower end of Staten Island and would go farther has only to embark on a fussy little ferry-boat and ride a short mile to find himself in a city of enchantment. A strange magic spell was cast some generations ago on a thriving little city that men called Perth Amboy, and since that day it has slumbered, indifferent to progress, superior to change. Even decay is arrested. It is always afternoon in that weird little town, which without life exists and which without change decays. Restless Yankees sometimes happen there, and, tempted by the beauty of the place, put up pretty cottages, and straightway go to sleep. Strange dreams of life go on without disturbing them. There is a bank there, but nobody enters it excepting the clerks, who go every day to their work, and who never have any to do. There are stores, but nobody buys or sells anything, and the store-keepers sit contentedly enough all day in front of their doors, apparently thinking. Up a steep, wide street, lined on either side with buildings of quaint design, anywhere from a century upward in age, this wayfarer may stroll for a short furlong till he reaches the town pump. The most optimistic æsthete would turn in despair from this pump, which is hopelessly middle-aged and mediocre in every way. It serves, however, a useful purpose, for it marks the point at which one may turn into High Street, and if he turn to the left he will at once be of good cheer. "Forninst" him, a little step away, is a Lilliputian park, with trees and grass and nothing else. It is so small that the police have orders to take it in every night, lest it be lost; but nobody knows if they do it, for nobody sits up at night. It is, however, pretty and shady enough to rest tired eyes.

On either hand of High Street, as the wanderer saunters up, are buildings, some of them very old, and some very much older. A pert new summer cottage hides one of these, flaunting its modern prettiness in front of the bare stone walls of the four-square, one-story little house that was once a custom-house. For Perth Amboy, as all the world knows, was made a port of entry at the very beginning of things. It was incorporated a city soon after that beginning, though not, as tradition has so persistently said, one day before New York received her charter, and having a land-locked harbor, such as it is, was authorized to collect custom. Tradition tells that trade was once brisk comparatively in Perth Amboy, and that even as late as the days when doughty Commodore Truxton sailed away and captured Gibbs, the last of the pirates, there were ships that landed their cargoes at Perth Amboy, so that the customs officers there had things to do. Even later than that, when once, a half-century or so ago, port regulations in New York were vexatious, the great importers used to bring their ships through Raritan Bay instead of through the Narrows, and had their cargoes discharged at the little city on "Ambo Point." Thus came about a brief bustle which perplexed and awoke the good people of the sleepy burgh, but it was soon over, and they sank back to their slumbers. There are still living sad old sea-dogs who congregate o' nights in certain notable hostleries along the water-front of the town, and who, being staid with flagons, will reel off yarns of that brisk period that make the gentle-hearted grieve. They tell how in those exciting days immigrant ships as well as East Indiamen used to come to the Perth Amboy docks, and that they were brave days for the boatmen. The poor immigrants would embark on small boats for New York, and the skippers would take them up toward the Kills, and land them on some lonesome spot, telling them that was New York. So they made double trips, and earned double money. These and other tales of shame are standard jokes which will doubtless be chuckled over for a hundred years to come.

But this is not the pleasant side of the picture. The saunterer will stroll on through the park, where once a market-house stood, and on through High Street, past such houses as the Watson house—the one with wings in the picture, which has no special history—past brave old mansions and quaint cottages, till he reaches a grove that covers a gentle knoll on the right. It is in the spacious grounds of the old governmental mansion, a century and a quarter old. This mere fact of being a century old, or even almost twice that, is no title to distinction for a house in Perth Amboy, but the old governmental house has a history, and the laziest rambler that may ever explore this town will have to learn it. He cannot escape it. The best he can do is to get it in brief. It was built by the Board of Proprietors in— Of course the most indifferent man on earth will interrupt at this point, and will ask who *they* were. Thus he will get himself in trouble, for he will have to listen to much valuable talk. The Proprietors were originally twelve men, afterward twenty-four. William Penn was one of the twelve. They bought the whole of Nova Cæsarea (now New Jersey) for £3400 when it was sold to pay Sir George Carteret's debts. He and Sir Edward Berkeley received it from the Duke of York, who deeded it to them in 1664. After the Proprietors came in possession they established a form of government, under the Crown, that lasted until the Revolution. They built for the Governor and other officials in 1764 a palace, which, since enlarged, is the house we are trying to find out about. In 1774 Governor Sir William Franklin, who was the son of Benjamin Franklin, was the occupant, and had a most unhappy time. He was a thorough Loyalist, and stuck to his colors till General Hugh Mercer swooped down with his Flying Brigade, and arrested him in his upstairs room in this house. He was taken away to Burlington, and Perth Amboy knew him no more. Then the house was the British headquarters. Then after the war it was partially burned. Then it was rebuilt, and made a hotel. Just before the war of 1812 it was a place of fashionable resort. Then it was bought by Matthias Bruen, inherited by Dr. Alexander M. Bruen, and by him given to the Board of Relief of the Presbyterian Church in 1883. For fifty years it is to be a home for disabled Presbyterian clergymen and their families, and then the Board may do what they like with it. It is a palatial home, and the beauty of its location is wonderful.

At the southern extremity of High Street is almost the only evidence of modern change to be seen in the older part of the city. It is a busy mill that has been built on the site of the Long Ferry Tavern, which was in its day a house of "refreshment for man and beast" for all who stopped over a night on the long journey from Philadelphia to New York. Prior to the Revolutionary war it was, according to the chronicles of the times, "the customary resort of the gentlemen of the town."

The antiquary having button-holed the rambler by this time will drag him around to St. Peter's Church, and make him heart-sick with great chunks of facts. He will tell how the church was organized in 1685, when there were only fourteen houses in the town. Then Queen Anne gave it a magnificent silver communion service, and some ship-captain gave it a bell. Both these gifts are still in use. Then in 1721 a church edifice was built, which was replaced in 1853 by the one now standing. It was remarkable that the first one stood so long, for in the Revolution a brisk artillery engagement went on between two British brigs in the bay and a party of Continentals in an earthwork behind the church, in which the church was hit by one cannon-ball, and another one broke a tombstone in the yard. Then the British occupied the town, and used the church for a stable. The new church, as the picture shows, is a graceful building, well covered with ivy. Down by the shore beyond the church is a handsome row of residences, from the porch of one of which one may catch a view of the bay. Commodore Lewis caught the same view in the same place one moonlight night, and the next moment Commodore Truxton had sold the house to him. "I don't want to see anything but that," said Lewis, as Truxton led him through the main hall, entering the house from the rear. "I will take the house." It has been in the Lewis family ever since. Commodore Truxton built it before the Revolution, and sold it before the next war with Great Britain. It was in this house that Aaron Burr found a hiding-place for several days after his duel with Alexander Hamilton, and the chair in which he sat on the porch is still there. Jerome Bonaparte was a guest in the same house on the day that Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena; and among the family treasures is a gift he made to his host of an exquisite painting on copper by some unknown old master. It is a group in which are Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Cupid, and is of very great but unknown value. Further up the shore is the famous old Parker castle. Not even the family know how old is the stone part or the rear, but the wooden addition, which is the higher portion of the building, is more than a hundred years old. Five generations of Parkers have lived there continuously, excepting that they fled from home when the British held possession of the town. At that time the troops used the house for a stable as well as a hospital, and hoof-marks and blood-stains are still to be seen on the floors. "The Barracks," now the county poor-house, is a straggling edifice of historical interest only. It was built in 1759 by the Provincial government, and was used by the soldiers of whatever force happened to be in possession as long as soldiers were in Perth Amboy.

Off to the west of the town is a bit of wild scenery called Eagleswood. It was the estate of Marcus Spring, who entertained in royal style thirty years ago some of the most distinguished radical thinkers of the day. When the news came of the John Brown raid and the wounding and capture of his little band, Mrs. Spring went to Charlestown, Virginia, to nurse them. She promised two of them—Haslett and Stevens—that they should be buried, as they prayed, in free soil, and accordingly their bodies were brought to Perth Amboy and buried at Eagleswood, on the western bank of a deep ravine. There are six or seven graves in the tiny graveyard now neglected and forsaken, but only two have head-stones. On these the inscriptions are "A. C. H." and "A. D. S." The old mansion, and indeed the entire estate, has fallen to decay, though once a trade was nearly completed by which Daniel Drew was to have paid $170,000 for it as the site of some benevolent institution. It was for a short time the home of the Phalanx, a small group of Communists, who appear to have achieved nothing, and who are even now forgotten.

Such is the sleepy old city. Buried under traditions of a bustling past, it seems to be lost in reverie, yet here and there are signs of change, and the visible premonitions of a new Perth Amboy. On the west and south of the old city are rising blocks of cheap houses and cheaper tenements, packed with the foreigners who are employed upon the coal wharves, and in the pottery works or other manufactories of the neighborhood. Upon these wharves, lighted by great arc lamps, the labor never flags. Day and night a vast stream of coal flows from the endless mining trains into the ever-growing fleets of commerce. But the benefit of this labor does not accrue to Perth Amboy. With that of the other industries it goes to distant corporations and to rich non-residents. The laborers themselves make but a scanty livelihood. Excepting a few possessing technical skill, they are manual workers, whose sole value rests in their brawn. They form a polyglot community—Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Poles, Polaks, Hungarians, Bohemians, Germans, Irish, and negroes. Unlike many places where similar human mosaics are marked by disorders and endless feuds, here they form a peaceful and moral community of the best type. Their children attend the public and parochial schools, and are almost indistinguishable from the little ones of native origin, and they themselves display an Americanization altogether out of the common. At the national volks-fests and on "salt-water days" hardly any tongue but English is heard, and but few customs are noticeable which might indicate a foreign nativity.

An even stronger illustration of the adaptation of this large foreign element to its new home is found in the observance of the Sunday laws in Perth Amboy. Every saloon is closed and hermetically sealed, every store is shut up, and even ice-cream and tobacco become, for the time being, unprocurable luxuries. A host of modest little churches are filled morning and evening with devout worshippers, and only the difference and variety in languages would lead a traveller to know that he was in New Jersey and not some conservative town in New England. Into three old-fashioned industries the new system of cheap foreign labor has not yet penetrated, and these remain as distinctively American as they were fifty years ago. These are the fisherman, the "clammer," and the oysterman. The fisherman is the same lazy fellow as in the days of Izaak Walton; he spends half his time patiently waiting for the New York amateur, and the other half in watching the latter's noble art of how not to catch.

At odd intervals he goes out alone and reaps a rich harvest from the finny tribes with which the New York Lower Bay abounds, for there are but few better places for the sportsman than the waters around Perth Amboy; weak-fish and eels, blue-fish and Lafayettes, king-fish and bass, are regular visitors every year, while among infrequent guests are sheep's-head, porgies, flounders, shad, and even salmon. The amateurs from whom the native fishermen obtain their living come in small squads on week-days, but in regiments upon the Sabbath. They are mostly German artisans and tradesmen—cobblers, grocers, beer-sellers, and butchers. Each has a separate theory of fishing, of which the only two intelligible points to outsiders are a maximum consumption of time and liquid refreshments and a minimum return of fish.

The "clammer" is not so much of an aristocrat as the fisherman and the oysterman—the gains are smaller, and he has no remunerative customers like the former. Many who are poor may be seen at low tide treading for clams or gathering up the sharp bivalves which their bare soles have discovered beneath the water and the subjacent oozy sand. Most of them ply their trade in ugly but sea-worthy boats, and can be found early and late over the few shoals, from which their particular mollusk is perceptibly disappearing, for clamming at Perth Amboy is becoming a lost art. What with the exclusive use of submarine lands for oyster culture, on the one hand, and the deadly action of sewage and sludge acid from distant Newark and New York, as well as from the constantly increasing number of factories in all directions, the clam grows scarcer year by year, and the clammer is driven into new industries, or else into new and distant fields where his calling is still profitable, if no longer a source of wealth.

The oysterman is the marine aristocrat of Perth Amboy. The insecurity which once marked his business has been cured by law, so that he holds his subaqueous territory as a feudal lord paramount did his lands and demesnes. From Perth Amboy in every direction stretch away long lines of poles, whose tops, just projecting above the waves, convert Raritan Bay and New York Lower Bay into a veritable checker-board. Each square or series of squares represents some oyster field below, where the famous bivalves are cultivated as carefully as the vegetables in some market garden. Here the oysterman plants, shifts, harvests, and slowly transmutes the mollusk into cash. Nearly all of the oystermen are comfortably off, and a majority own the little houses they occupy. They are, as a class, industrious, unambitious, and ignorant of passing events.

But the dawn of a different day threatens to break on the horizon of Perth Amboy. The great inter-State railroads, crowded out of New York and Jersey City, have begun to eat up the meadow-lands on either side of Staten Island Sound, and are now moving ominously toward the little city. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania have bought numerous and large holdings, and through their officials are suspected of owning as much more as they officially are declared to possess.

The Arthur Kill and the Raritan Bay have a magnificent channel, navigable at all tides by the largest steamers. The appropriations in the past ten years in the River and Harbor Bill have already made the course described of great commercial value. Similar amounts expended in the next decade would make it equal, if not superior, in convenience, safety, and economy, to New York Bay itself.

In this wise the almost forgotten hopes of the last century may be at last realized, and Perth Amboy become, as was intended by our ancestors, one of the great ports of entry of the Western Continent.

Falls-Curtis.

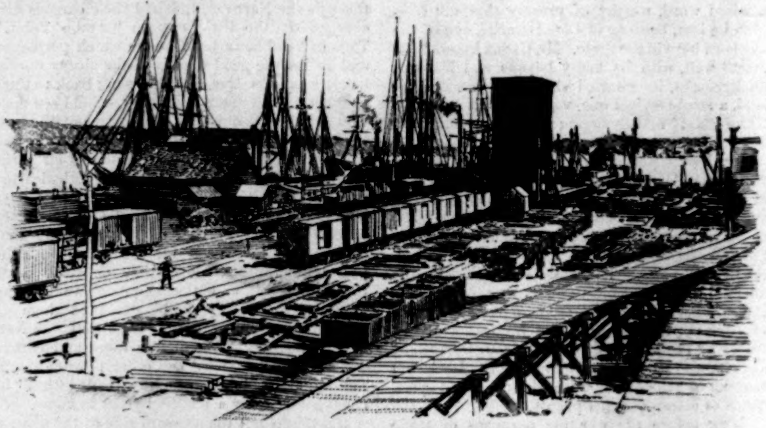
ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

FOTHERWELL'S DOCK.

DIGGING FOR OYSTERS.

THE MINISTERS' HOUSE—FORMERLY COLONIAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

OLD WING OF THE PARKER CASTLE.



LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD DOCKS.

THE LONG FERRY TAVERN.

OLD HOUSE ON HIGH STREET.

PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY.—From Photographs by W. R. Tobias.—[See Page 835.]

A MISSISSIPPI COAST PEDDLER.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 835.]

TO WINTER.

Good Winter, hear this wish I write
  Before the red leaves blow
Across the sky to droop and die
  And sleep beneath the snow—
Before the birds have taken flight
  Unto a gentler clime,
And for my thought have left me naught
  Of melody or rhyme.

The purple clusters in the leaves
  Of grapes already ripe;
The chestnut burs half burst; the slurs
  Upon the robin's pipe;
The cold wind whistling round the eaves;
  The dawn's white gossamer—
All these awake the wish I make,
  Good Winter, just for her.

My Love, a blossom fair is she;
  Lithe as a lily stem:
Her voice and words so like the birds
  Will make you think of them.
Good Winter, keep her safe for me,
  Leave to her face its smile,
And to her heart of love that part
  Which makes my wish worth while!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

ANNIHILATING A MULTIFORM DISEASE.

Miasmatic, or malarial, disease has many forms. Physicians have, for the sake of convenience and for the purpose of indicating its most strongly marked forms, subdivided it into intermittent and bilious remittent fever, dumb ague, and ague cake. But it presents an infinite variety of symptoms in different individuals. Be these symptoms what they will, always remember that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will annihilate them at the outset, and prevent their recurrence. A review of the proofs would convince any one of the fact. This, however, is impossible because they are too numerous, and unnecessary because the effects of this grand anti-malarial specific are a matter of common knowledge. No less familiar to the public are its remedial and preventive effects in bilious attacks, constipation, dyspepsia, incipient rheumatism, debility, and kidney troubles. It is, moreover, an excellent appetizer and tonic nervine.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Are known and used all over the world, and at all seasons, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, and Bronchial troubles. Sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors, John I. Brown & Sons, on the wrapper.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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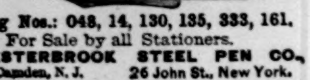

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The constant aim of Harper's Young People is to present to its readers something new, and this must be good as well as new, and fulfil its purpose the better for being new. Harper's Young People is not content to amuse its readers; it aims to *interest* them, by appealing alike to their intelligence and their imagination—to stimulate the one in a healthy direction, and to nourish the other by facts and suggestions. Fiction, poetry, and anecdote, history, biography, and travel, natural history, sports, and pastimes go to make up its contents; while the text is embellished and elucidated by numerous illustrations of a high grade of excellence, done by artists and engravers of established reputation.

Harper's Young People for 1889 will spare no effort to continue to deserve the high commendation that has been bestowed upon it as "*the most attractive and elevating literary periodical in the world for boys and girls.*"

SERIAL STORIES FOR 1889.

CAPTAIN POLLY. By Sophie Swett. *With Illustrations by* Rosina Emmett Sherwood.
THE RED MUSTANG. By William O. Stoddard, Author of "The Talking Leaves," "Two Arrows," etc. *With Illustrations by* W. A. Rogers.
A DAY IN WAXLAND. By R. K. Munkittrick, Author of "The Hurrishoffer," etc.
DORYMATES. By Kirk Munroe, Author of "Derrick Sterling," "The Flamingo Feather," "Wakulla," etc. *With Illustrations by* W. T. Smedley.
UNCLE PETER'S TRUST. By George B. Perry.
FAIRY TALES. By Howard Pyle. With numerous Illustrations by the Author.

SHORT STORIES.

The new volume will open with a story in two parts entitled "Nels Thurlow's Trial," by J. T. Trowbridge, a master of fiction for boys. The "Thanksgiving Number" will contain the story of "A Trumpeter's Boy," by Barnet Phillips; and the Christmas Number (published early in December) will have "The Three Wishes," by F. Anstey (Author of "Vice Versa," etc.) and Brander Matthews; "A Captured Santa Claus," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Widow Morgan's Interest," by John R. Coryell; "How Christmas Came to Tukey's Cove," by Sophie Swett, etc.

Among other contributors of fiction are W. D. Howells, John Habberton, David Ker, Frank Converse, H. C. Bunner, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Ernest Ingersoll, James Otis, William L. Alden, Edward Irenæus Stevenson, E. H. House, Lucy C. Lillie, Margaret Emma Ditto, Mary E. Wilkins, Kate Upson Clark, Alice Wellington Rollins, Agnes Carr Sage, etc.

SOME IMPORTANT ARTICLES.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY. By Felix L. Oswald, M.D., Author of "Summerland Sketches," "Zoological Sketches," etc.
LITTLE EXPERIMENTS. By Sophie B. Herrick, Author of "Chapters on Plant Life," etc.
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL-DAYS. By William F. Carne.
GLIMPSES OF CHILD-LIFE FROM DICKENS. By Margaret E. Sangster.
CHILD-LIFE IN THE OLD MASTERS. By Theodore Child. With numerous Engravings from celebrated paintings.
ALEXANDER STEPHENS AND RIO. By Richard Malcolm Johnston.
PAPERS ON PONY-KEEPING. By F. E. Fryatt.
TALKS TO BOYS. By John S. White, LL.D., Head Master of the Berkeley School, New York City.
HOW CAN I GET THE BEST OF THE DOCTOR? By Watson L. Savage, M.D.
BASE-BALL. By A. Alonzo Stagg.
LAWN-TENNIS. By Valentine G. Hall.
LACROSSE. By Herbert H. Balch, late Captain of the American Amateur Lacrosse Team.
FLY-FISHING. By Henry P. Wells, Author of "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle."

FOR THE OLDER READERS.

Harper's Young People is read weekly by many persons who are no longer "young people," but whose sympathies are with the young people, for many of them are parents, and some are teachers. It was a knowledge of this fact that led the conductors of Harper's Young People to publish in the last volume frequent supplements containing articles especially intended for these older readers. The supplements will be continued in the new volume, and will, as heretofore, be largely of a helpful character. Among the more important articles that will be published in this department will be a series of short essays on subjects connected with the home-training of children, written by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, than whom no one has a more thorough knowledge of the needs of the young and the difficulties that beset parents. Dr. Charles C. Abbott (Author of "Upland and Meadow," etc.) will contribute some interesting short papers on common life in the woods and fields.

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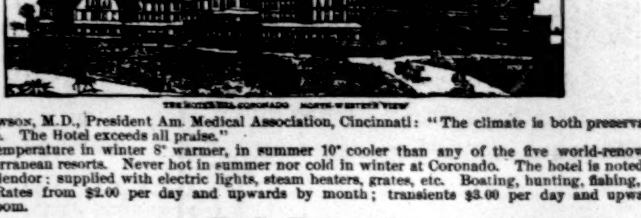

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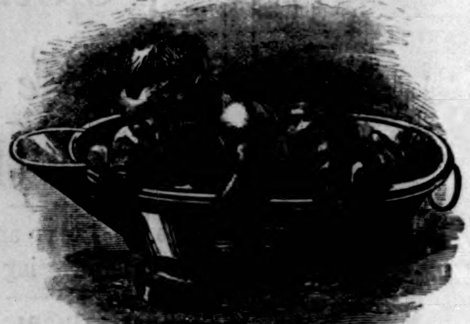

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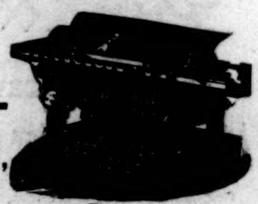

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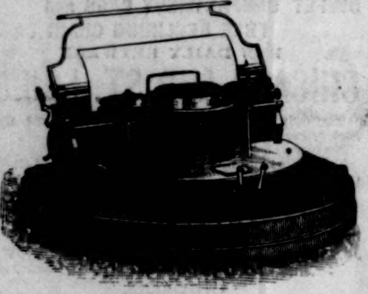

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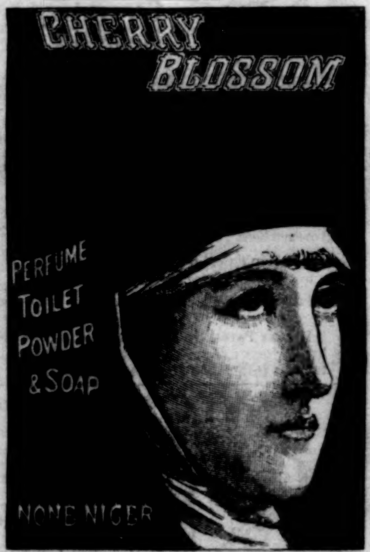

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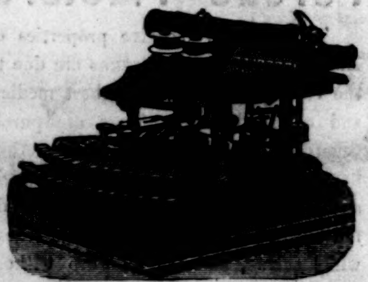

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THE CITY OF HUTCHINSON.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

IN the days when most of the present inhabitants of Kansas were at school, the ground upon which the city of Hutchinson now stands was hopelessly lost in the Great American Desert. That was not a great many years ago as time is counted in the leisurely East, for nine-tenths of the people of Kansas are still in the heyday and bloom of life. Some who make school geographies cling heroically to that Great American Desert even yet, although they have been compelled to shift its location several times, in tardy recognition of the progress of the West. Since Hutchinson and other Kansas cities have shown what a wonderfully productive country lies west of the Missouri River, the atlas-makers have removed the Great American Desert from the Kansas plains entirely. What they will do with it, now that they are forced to cover the map of Kansas with cities and towns and railroads, is a matter of some uncertainty. Last year it had a fugitive lodging-place in Montana; this year it has been shoved along on the map to a point west of the Great Salt Lake; and next year I look for it to join hands with the Mojave Desert in the far Southwest. It will perhaps never be omitted from the maps, for, like the Llano Estacado of Texas, it is a geographical tradition that must in some way be preserved. It may be hunted from place to place by the ploughshare and the express train, but it never will be wholly obliterated. In some few respects it has a weird similarity to a Western Indian.

The wanderings of this mythical desert show how little many people really know of the capabilities of the American continent. For scores of years that splendid stretch of fertile country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was looked upon as the culmination of all that was arid and worthless in American lands. This belief was held, not alone by the geographers, but also by overland travellers, and by the few men who lived on the land itself. There may have been a visionary theorist here and there along the rich river bottoms of the Missouri and the Kaw who believed that the great plains would produce abundant crops, if only some one would try to cultivate the soil. No one thought seriously of giving the plains an honest trial until the river bottoms and choice spots along the eastern boundary of Kansas became so thickly settled that the belated mover, who came from Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky, with his prairie schooner and his family, expecting to pick up a nice piece of land near Leavenworth or Lawrence, had to turn his face once more westward to find a home.

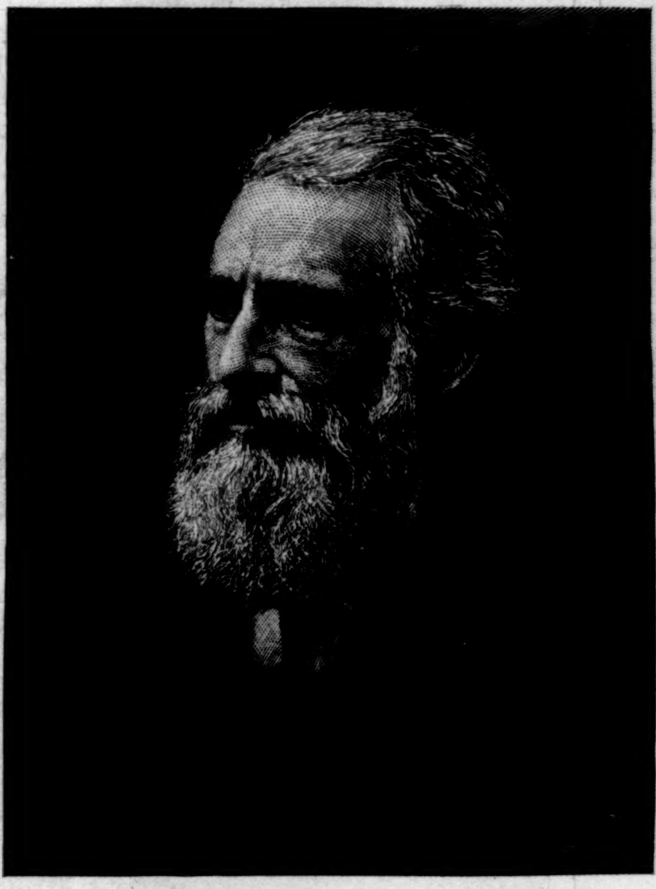
These men were the true pioneers of Kansas. Although I have crossed the great plains from end to end six times, I cannot yet sufficiently admire their pluck and stamina and faith. If it takes grit and nerve to be a pioneer in western Kansas now, in the day of railroads and improved farm machinery, it took heroism then. To say nothing of the annoyances of prairie fires and wolves and marauding Indians, there was the constant menace of drought to harass the life of the settler. Drought was a painfully frequent visitor on the pioneer farms; so frequent, in fact, that the frontier children too often had neither bread nor potatoes to relieve the monotony of a daily fare of antelope steak and buffalo tongue.

After a time, however, the pioneers learned that when they did get a season of good crops, the harvest was so overwhelmingly rich and abundant that they were more than repaid for the period of drought and poverty. In good years Kansas was a farmer's Eldorado. There seemed to be no limit to the productiveness of the soil, and it required only the most desultory sort of farming to produce richer crops than the Eastern farmer, in even his most sanguine moments, ever dreamed of. Each good season brought new settlers, many sections of land were broken up and cultivated, and soon it was noticed that as the area of ploughed land became larger the periods of drought grew scarcer, to the effect that in the course of time good years were the rule and droughty summers the exception. The cultivated land had brought the rain.

Then some ingenious person invented a theory about a rain belt. He believed that, like the rhetorical star of empire, a rain belt was taking its way westward with more or less rapidity, according to the trend of circumstances. He even went so far as to compile statistics and such things to prove that the rain belt was moving westward at the rate of a certain number of miles a year. Furthermore, he proclaimed, with the hardihood of mere assertion, that the rain belt was moving in advance of the plough, instead of tamely following it. Fifteen years ago this theory was so strongly a part of Kansas civilization that it was positive sacrilege to say anything against it. People had so much confidence in it that when they went on ahead of the new settlements, to take up land and build homes, they were too often more disposed to sit still and wait for the rain belt to come to them than to plough up the land and so attract moisture from the clouds. In this way the rain-belt theory at one time did a great deal of harm to frontier Kansas. If settlers had spent as much time behind their ploughs as they did in studying the time-table of the rain belt and in praying and wishing for rain, the rapid development of Kansas would have been a great deal more wonderful than it was. I do not mean to say that the average Kansas man did not do his whole duty, and a good deal more, to his family and to his country, for the average Kansan is a man all the way through, but what I do mean to say is that the rain-belt theory gave a fine excuse for the shiftless man to go lazy most of his time, and to pass around the hat among his neighbors when he was hungry. His poverty and his shiftlessness he blamed upon the climate, and there was no lack of people who believed him.

There never was any rain belt. The only reason why eastern Kansas had plenty of rain while western Kansas was dry was simply because the ploughed fields of the east attracted the rain, while the hard, unbroken sod of the west did not. If any one will take the trouble to compile the inevitable statistics on the subject, it will be found that in comparison with the number of acres under cultivation central and western Kansas has just as much rain as the eastern counties, and that the whole State will make as good a showing as Iowa, Illinois, or Indiana. In the past people expected too much of Kansas. They were led to believe, through the reckless assertions of real-estate boomers, that none of the evils of drought and poor seasons affecting the farmer's prospects in the Eastern States were known in Kansas, and that all that a man needed to do on the frontier was to pre-empt or homestead a piece of land, and then watch himself grow rich. The real-estate boomer and his able assistant, the rain-belt theorist, have together retarded the growth of Kansas more than most people imagine.

While thoughtless persons were hampering the progress of Kansas in one way or another, the railroads were doing a wonderful work in building it up. The railroad and the pioneer farmer always have been the civilizing influences of the West. The pioneer never quarrels with the railroad about freight rates, although his descendants may. He knows the missionary work that a new railroad does, and never begrudges it proper appreciation. Demagogues among political workers and agitators who hurl ambiguous denunciations at railroads and industrial corporations should see what railroads have done for Kansas. It is safe to say that Kansas would not have been settled to any extent beyond Topeka even now had not the railroads reached out across the plains, and brought the buffalo haunts within easy reach of the Eastern markets at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago, and of the mining



CLINTON C. HUTCHINSON.

camps of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. The agitator will say that the railroad went across the plains simply for its own gain, and not for the good of the country. That is true, but it took a great deal of faith and courage as well as millions of dollars of money to do it. The railroad led the way across the Great American Desert because its projectors saw a future for the country, and because they hoped to earn rich dividends after the land was inhabited. The railroad worked for selfish ends, yet an empire followed after it.

One of the most conspicuous illustrations in the entire West of the progress of a new land after a railroad has broken a path for civilization is the city of Hutchinson and its tributary country. In 1871 the place existed only in the plans of Mr. CLINTON C. HUTCHINSON, who had contracted with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company to build a city where the line of the railroad, on its way West, first touched the Arkansas River. To many shrewd business men Mr. HUTCHINSON'S contract would seem to have been strongly in favor of the railroad, for by it the builder of the city agreed to buy a section of railroad land at market rates, survey it and plat it at his own expense, and deed back to the railway company one-fourth of the total number of lots in the town site. The railroad had by far the better end of the bargain, and Mr. HUTCHINSON was well aware of it; but as he had already built the prosperous town of Ottawa, Kansas, it may be inferred that he knew what he was doing. He felt convinced then, as many town builders have learned since, that a successful town cannot be built without the help of the railroad.

Judged by the standard of other Kansas towns, the city of Hutchinson had a splendid start. All deeds to town lots contained a forfeiture clause absolutely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors and the keeping of gambling resorts. Unqualified respectability and sobriety were the foundation-stones upon which the future prosperity of Hutchinson was built. This was done, too, when it required courage to insist upon such an inflexible clause in a property deed. Means were also taken to prevent the Texas cattle men from making their Northern head-quarters at the new place. It is worthy of note that other towns which welcomed the gamblers, the whiskey-sellers, and the rougher element from the cattle trails have been sadly dwarfed and overshadowed by the growth and wealth of respectable, law-abiding Hutchinson. In Kansas, at least, sobriety, social decency, and moral uprightness pay a good percentage as a purely business investment. It was the rule in Kansas towns long before the State prohibition law was passed that temperance ordinances were the foundations of success. I remember that in 1879, during a summer of drought which followed a year of bad crops, there was a great clamor among certain citizens of Larned, Kansas, that local option was killing the town. Larned was in its struggling state then, and there were men ready to vote for a repeal of the prohibition ordinances on the ground that whiskey shops and gambling dens would bring in business that went elsewhere. The argument was that Great Bend, Pawnee Rock, and other neighboring towns would rob Larned of her trade and deprive her of her population unless the drunkard-maker was allowed to help keep things moving. Larned stuck to her temperance principles, however, even in her days of poverty and despair, and although, as I was passing through there in July, 1879, I was offered several choice town lots in exchange for a ticket to Erie, Pennsylvania, yet to-day Larned has electric-lights and whole streets of fine brick stores. A Larned man recently estimated how much I would have gained had I paid for the Erie ticket and taken the town lots. One does not wish to miss such chances often.

By the prohibition clause in the Hutchinson real estate deeds the new town had its pick of the men who went West to build homes. Those who were really seeking homes, and who were bringing their families after them, did not wish to expose their wives and children to the objectionable features of a whiskey town; they demanded of their neighbors the most unquestioned respectability and unfaltering sobriety. These two elements of the best social life were conspicuous features of the building of Hutchinson, and as such they attracted the attention of the more desirable class of settlers. Thus it came about that the town has been the very flower of Western civilization from the day that the first inhabitant drove his stakes and built his house up to the present day.

Hutchinson had some preparatory growth during the winter and spring of 1872, but after July 4, 1872, when the first copy of the Hutchinson *News* was printed, and the first passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway reached the place, the growth was both rapid and constant. The proprietors of the *News* worked off, on a Washington hand-press, an edition of 5000 copies of the first number, and sold them to Mr. HUTCHINSON, who sent them East to advertise the country. Persons who ever have had the misfortune to wrestle with a Washington hand-press can appreciate the pluck and patriotism of these first publishers of that little frontier paper.

During the early part of 1872 the question of building bridges and making other public improvements was discussed with that confidence in the future for which the West is noted. The county of Reno, with Hutchinson as county-seat, had been organized only since January, and her population was barely 600, yet the town builders determined to vote bonds to the amount of $100,000. There was no property as security. The infant county merely pledged its word, and a capitalist was found who took that word for $90,000 net. A bridge 1680 feet long was built across the Arkansas River at Hutchinson, to open safe communication with the surrounding country. It was the longest bridge west of the Mississippi River at that time. Three other bridges and a county court-house were built with the same bonds. These public improvements benefited the county more than they helped the city. It was expected that this would be the case, for the town builders were anxious to make sure of a rich tributary country, in order that the growth of the town should be natural and substantial. Mr. HUTCHINSON'S motto was, "Build the country, and the country will help us build the city." Some too-enterprising town builders farther west have apparently never heard of this sensible plan.

The Hutchinson town builders worked with unusual wisdom and forethought in developing the county first, for by doing so they prevented that inevitable panic which brings disaster to every artificial city of the West. The worst possible thing that can happen to a Kansas town is a boom in real estate before the surrounding country is big enough to stand the strain. It is always the contributing country that decides the fate of a town in which the real-estate craze has come to an end. If the country is sufficiently strong to carry general business safely through a panic in town lots, the town itself will not feel any bad effects. This is shown in the case of Kansas City, where the real-estate boom went to pieces more than a year ago. If the town be small and new, however, a disaster in speculative realty is likely to be fatal. The Hutchinson people sensibly allowed their town to grow as it would. Naturally, it merely kept pace with the growth of its feeding territory, and gave no sign of that hectic flush of unreal prosperity which characterizes the brief life of too many Western towns.

I suspect that there may have been times when the lot-owners of Hutchinson thought that the town ought to be boomed a little more than it was, because the active town builders seemed to confine their energies to the work of proving that the Arkansas Valley—and particularly that part of it centring at Hutchinson—was a trifle the best farming country in the Western Hemisphere. When the country was so well settled that it might safely be left to itself, the town builders, who apparently worked on a definite plan, began operations on the young city in earnest. The progress resulting from these efforts was steady and substantial. As time went on,

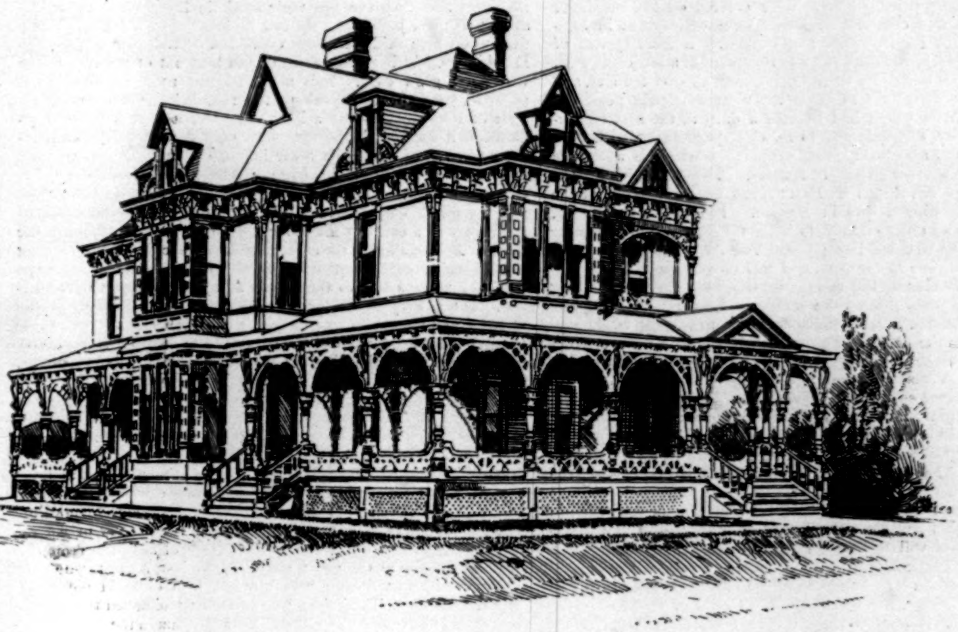
The Masonic Temple.

First Avenue, east

View in Glendale Park.

MAIN

The County Jail.



The Residence of Mrs. John Puterbaugh.

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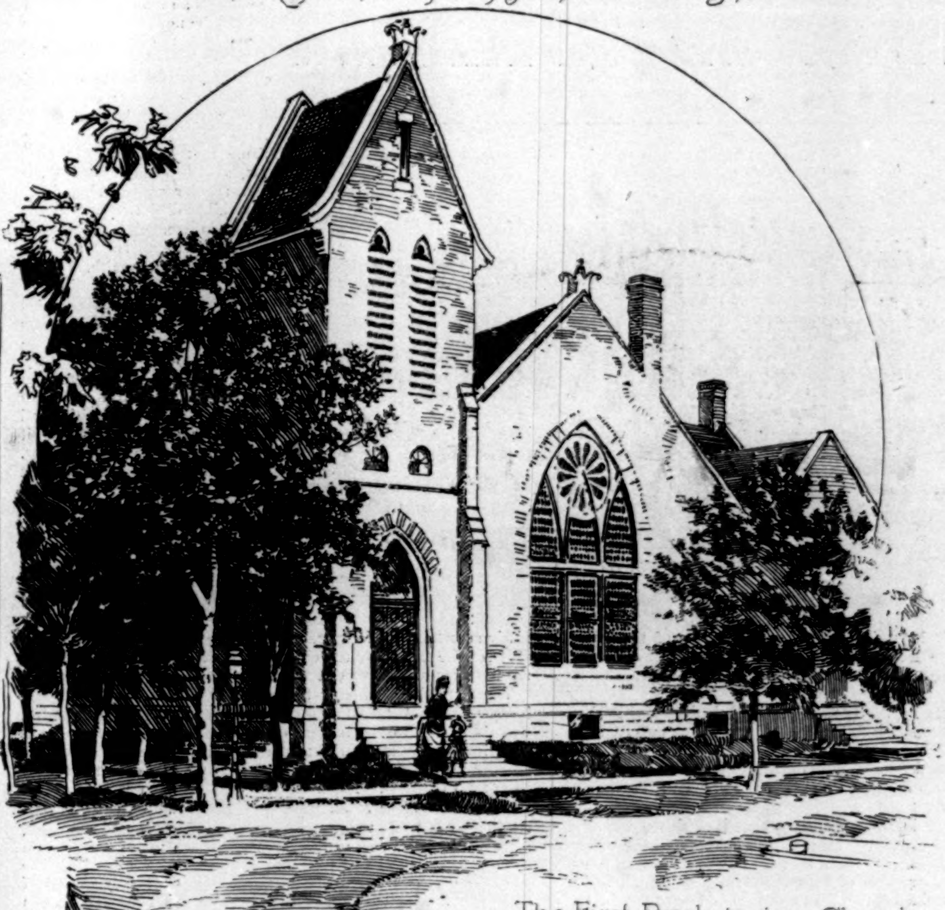
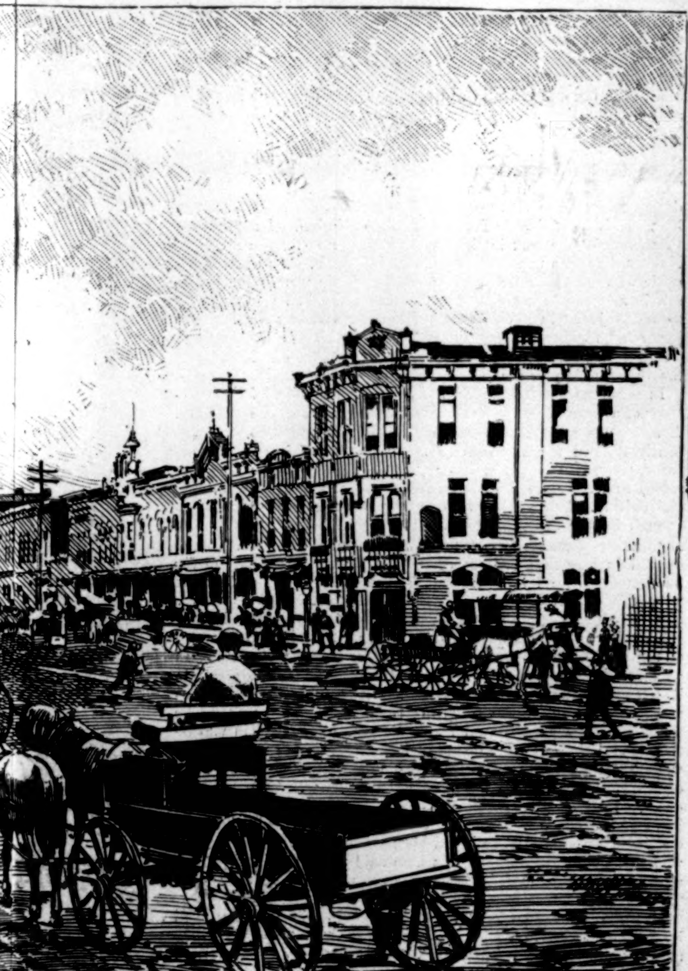
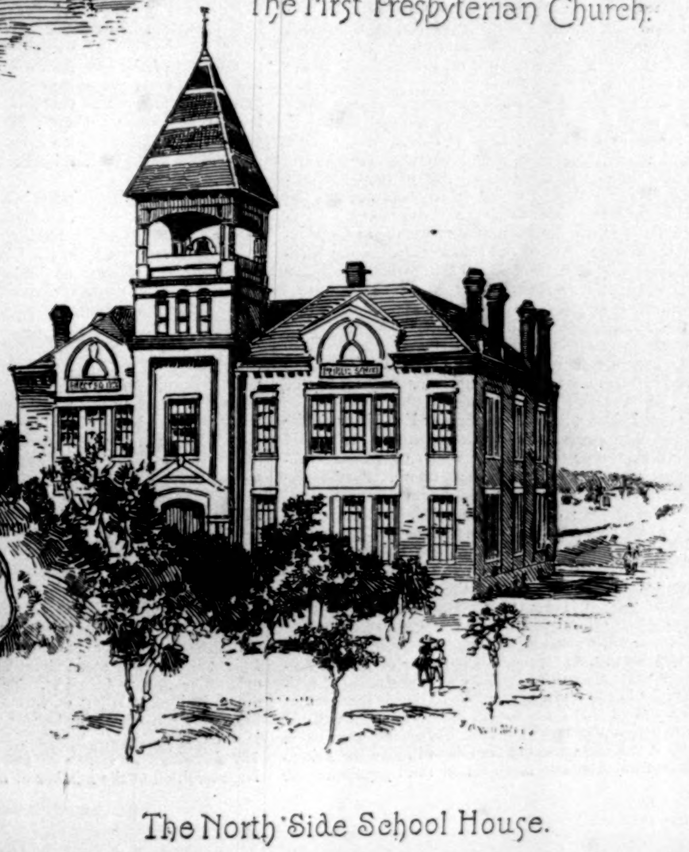


The First Presbyterian Church.



STREET



The North Side School House.